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588. 25

DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

Taylor Institution.

1889.

100

CARMINUM RARIORUM
MACARONICORUM
DELECTUS:

IN USUM

LUDORUM APOLLINARIUM,

QUÆ SOLENNITER EDINBURGI CELEBRANTUR,

APUD CONVENTUM GYMNASTICUM

FILIORUM ÆSCULAPII.

EDITIO ALTERA EMENDATA ET AUCTA.

Thy good example, Phœbus, we'll cheerfully follow,
Haud enim semper arcum tendit Apollo;
And long will this Assembly mix *Seria cum joco*,
By meeting at the Golf-Hall, *desipere in loco*.
Chorus to the Canticum Gymnasticum.

EDINBURGI:
Ex Typographia G. Ramsay et Sociorum.
VENALES PROSTANT APUD PETRUM HILL, JUNIOREM,
SODALITATIS GYMNASTICI BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

1813.

538 25

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PREFACE.

No sooner shall the learned antiquarian have read the title-page of this pamphlet, than he will naturally ask, *What are the Ludi Apollinares of Edinburgh?* This question may be answered in three words—*Goffing*, *Bowling*, *Swimming*. But this answer, though explicit, will hardly be considered as satisfactory. It is not, however, thought proper to give at present any farther account of the rise and progress of the Conventus Gymnasticus Filiorum Æsculapii, than to assure the reader, that, notwithstanding its title, it is in no degree a Pagan, but entirely a social institution; and, while it promotes innocent mirth, it is at the same time intended to preserve good health, and good fellowship.

The exercises which the celebrators of the Ludi Apollinares have selected, may perhaps be thought singular. But, in this selection, they have in some degree been directed by a veneration for antiquity. For one of their number, noted for his researches in dusty libraries, either has found, or pretends to have found, a manuscript copy of the writings of Hippocrates, in which there is a most interesting treatise Περι των Γυμναστικων. In that

treatise, according to his account of the matter, these exercises are recommended as a more certain remedy for the gout than either black or white hellebore, or even the *eau médicinale*. But, besides the cure of the Gout, it is also alleged, that Hippocrates recommends Goffing, Bowling, and Swimming, as infallible prophylactics, both for blue devils and dull care. It cannot therefore seem wonderful to the learned reader, that the recommendation of these exercises should have claimed the particular attention of faithful sons of Æsculapius.

But as Apollo was the God of Song as well as of Physic, the children of Æsculapius could not think of celebrating his games without music. An annual prize, therefore, was instituted for the most laughable Macaronic Poem, either in English, in Latin, or in a mixture of both, which should be produced at the convention. This, like the prizes at the Olympic Games, has called forth strenuous competition, and given birth to many productions, which are carefully preserved in the minutes of the Club. Of these a few are now printed in this collection.

Besides original effusions, it was also thought to be highly worthy of the celebrators of the Ludi Apollinares, to preserve some ancient poems, particularly in the Macaronic style, which, notwithstanding their excellence, were, to use a Bookseller's phrase, out of print. With this view, in the year 1801, under their direction, a fasciculus was published, containing some choice morsels, particularly translations into *modern Latin*, of some truly laughable Poems in the *ancient Scotish language*, a language now hardly understood even in the metropolis of Caledonia.

As the impression which was then printed has been sold off, and as they are desirous of affording to the rising generation some innocent amusement, they have given directions for reprinting what they formerly published. But, by going again to the press, they aim also at a more important object. Their last publication was the means of bringing forth an admirable translation of an inimitable Scotish Poem, *The Wife of Auchtermuchty*, which will be found in the present selection. They are not without hopes, that this publication may lead to some similar effusions of genius; and if any Scholars at the Rector's class in the High School, some of whom have of late given excellent proofs of poetic genius, shall transmit to the *Scriba Prætorius*, before the 1st of August next, a Macaronic or Latin Poem, in praise of the Ludi Apollinares, an honorary medal, with a suitable inscription, will be conferred, as the reward of Genius and Industry, upon him whose poem is judged to be the best.

The Theme proposed is, *De Ludis Apollinaribus, Carmen Seculare.*

Edinburgh, January 1, 1813.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA:

CARMEN MACARONICUM.

AUCTORE

GULIELMO DRUMMONDO,

SCOTO-BRITANNO.

De Gulielmo Drummondo non est quod multis agam. Virum celeberrimum fuisse testantur opera: Carmina dico, tam sacra, Edinburgi anno 1630, quàm profana ibidem anno 1616 edita. Præsertim autem Historia Rerum Scoticarum, quam ab anno 1423 ad annum 1542 deduxerat.

Si hæc placeant bene erit; si non, ὅτως καλῶς· Moriones enim æque morantur scommata et plausus. Utere, fruere, Lector, et Salve.

E. Gibson, Episcopus Oxoniensis.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA.

Oxonii, e Theatro Sheldoniano.
Anno Dom. 1691.

58 ℓ. ... (2)

POLEMO-MIDDINIA

INTER

VITARVAM ET NEBERNAM *.

NYMPHÆ, quæ colitis highissima monta *Fifæa*,
Seu vos *Pittenweema* tenent, seu *Crelia* crofta,
Sive *Anstræa* domus, ubi nat *haddocus* in undis,
*Codlineus*que ingens, ubi *fleucca* et *sketta* pererrant
Per costam, et scopulis *Lobster* monifootus in udis
Creepat, et in mediis ludit *Whitenius* undis:
Et vos *Skipperii*, soliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foras, iterumque redire,
Linquite skellatas bottas, shippasque picatas,
Whistlantesque simul fechtam memorate bloodæam,
Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda Deûm, quoque Nympharum Cockleshelearum,
Maia ubi sheepifeda, et solgoosifera *Bassa*
Swellant in pelago, cum Sol bootatus *Edinum*
Postabat radiis madidis et shouribus atris.

. . . .

. . . .

Quo viso ad fechtæ noisam cecidere volucres,
Ad terram cecidere grues, *plish plash*que dedere
Solgoosæ in pelago prope littora *Bruntiliana;*
Sea Soutor obstupuit, summique in margine saxi
Scartavit prælustre caput, wingasque flapavit.
Quodque magis alte volitans *Heronius* ipse
Ingeminans *clig clag* mediis shitavit in undis.

* The Middin or Dunghill Battle between Lady Scotstarvet and Lady Newbarns.

Namque à principio storiam tellabimus omnem.
Muckreiliûm ingentem turbam *Vitarva* per agros
Nebernæ marchare fecit, et dixit ad illos:
" Ite hodie armati greppis, drivate caballos
Nebernæ per crofta, atque ipsas ante fenestras.
Quod si fortè ipsa *Neberna* venerit extrà
Warrantabo omnes, et vos bene defendebo."
Hîc aderant *Geordy Akinheadus*, et little *Johnus*,
Et *Jamy Richæus*, et stout *Michel Hendersonus*,
Qui gillitrips ante alios dansare solebat,
Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare bonæas;
Duncan Olyphantus valde stalvartus, et ejus
Filius eldestus, jolyboyus atque *Oldmoudus*,
Qui pleugham lango gaddo drivare solebat;
Et *Rob Gib*, wantonus homo, atque *Oliver Hutchin*,
Et ploucky-fac'd *Watty Strang*, atque in-kneed *Alshender Atken*,
Et *Willy Dick* heavy-arstus homo, pigerrimus omnium,
Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque *favorem*,
Valde lethus pugnare: sed hunc Corngrevius heros
Nout-headum vocavit, atque illum forsit ad arma.
Insuper hîc aderant *Tom Taylor*, et *Henry Watsonus*,
Et *Tomy Gilchristus*, et fool *Jocky Robinsonus*,
Andrew Alshenderus, et *Jammy Tomsonus*, et unus
Norland-bornus homo valdè valdè Anticovenanter,
Nomine *Gordonus*, valde blackmoudus, et alter
(Heu piget ignoro nomen) slavry-beardius homo,
Qui pottas dightavit, et assas jecerit extrà.
Denique præ reliquis *Geordæum* affatur, et inquit:
" *Geordy* mi formanne, inter stoutissimus omnes,
Huc ades et crooksaddelos, hemmasque, crelesque,

Brechemmesque simul omnes bindato jumentis,
Amblentemque meum naggum, fattumque mariti
Cursorem, et reliquos trottantes sumito averos:
In cartis yokkato omnes: extrahito muckam
Crofta per et riggas, atque ipsas ante fenestras
Neberna; et aliquid sin ipsa contrà loquatur,
In sydas tu pone manus, et dicito—*Fart jade.*"
Nec morâ formannus cunctos flankavit averos,
Workmannosque ad workam omnes vocavit, et illi
Extemplò cartas bene fillavere jigantes:
Whistlavere viri, workhorsosque ordine swiros
Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
Fartavere omnes; et sic turba horrida mustrat.
Haud aliter quàm si cum multis *Spinola* troupis
Proudus ad *Ostendam* marchasset fortiter urbem.
Interea ante alios Dux *Piper Laius* heros
Præcedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam
Incipit Harlaï cunctis sonare batellum.
Tunc *Neberna* furens yettam ipsa egressa, vidensque
Muck-cartas transire viam, valdè angria facta,
Non tulit affrontam tantam; verùm, agmine facto,
Convocat extemplò *barowmannos* atque *ladæos*
Jackmannumque, *hiremannos*, *pleughdrivsters* atque *pleughmannos*,
Tumlantesque simul reekoso ex kitchine boyos;
Hunc qui dirtiferas tersit cum dishclouty dishas,
Hunc qui gruelias scivit bene lickere plettas,
Et saltpannifumos et widebricatos fisheros;
Hellæosque etiam salteros duxit ab antris,
Coalheughos nigri girnantes more Divelli;

Lifeguardamque sibi sævas vocat improba lassas;
Maggæam magis doctam milkare cowæas,
Et doctam sweepare flooras, et sternere beddas,
Quæque novit spinnare, et longas ducere thredas;
Nansæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,
Yellantemque *Hellen*, lango-berdamque *Anapellam*,
Fartantemque simul *Gyllam*, gleidamque *Katæam*
Egregiè indutam blacko caput sooty-clouto;
*Mammæam*que simul vetulam, quæ sciverat aptè
Infantum teneras blandè oscularier arsas;
Quæque lanam cardare solet greasy-fingria *Betty*.
  Tum demum hungræos ventres *Neberna* gruelis
Farsit, et guttas rawsuinibus implet amaris;
Postea newbarmæ ingentem dedit omnibus haustum,
Staggravere omnes, grandesque ad sydera riftas
Barmifumi attollunt, et sic ad prælia marchant.
Nec morâ, marchavit foras longo ordine turma,
Ipsa prior *Neberna* suis stout-facta-ribaldis,
Rustæum manibus gestans furibunda gulæum:
Tandem muckrelios vocat ad pell-mellia flaidos:
" Ite, (ait) uglæi fellows, si quis modo posthac
Muckifer has nostras tentet crossare fenestras,
Juro quòd ego ejus longum extrahabo thrapellum,
Et totam rivabo faciem, luggasque gulæo hoc
Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo
Heartbloodum fluere in terram." Sic verba finivit.
  Obstupuit *Vitarva* diu dirtflaida, sed inde
Couragium accipiens, muckrelios ordine cunctos
Middini in medio faciem turnare coëgit.
  O qualem primo fleuram gustasses in ipso
Battelli onsetto! pugnat muckcrelius heros

Fortiter, et muckam per posteriora cadentem
In crelibus shoolare ardet. Sic dirta volavit.
O quale hoc hurly burly fuit! si fortè vidisses
Pypantes arsas, et flavo sanguine breikas
Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia faintas.
O qualis firy fary fuit! namque alteri nemo
Ne vel footbreddum yerdæ yieldare volebat.
Stout erat ambo quidem, valdéque hardhearta caterva.
Tum verò è medio muckdrivster prosilit unus,
Gallantæus homo, et greppam minatur in ipsam
Nebernam, (quoniam miserè scaldaverat omnes),
Dirtavitque totam petticotam gutture thicko,
Perlineasque ejus skirtas, silkamque gownæam,
Vasquineamque rubram mucksherdâ begariavit.
Et tunc ille fuit valdè faintheartus, et ivit
Valdè procul, metuens shottam woundumque profundum.
Sed nec valdè procul fuerat revengia in illum.
Extemplò *Gillæa* ferox invasit, et ejus
In faciem girnavit atrox, et tigrida facta
Bubblentemque gripans berdam, sic dixit ad illum:
"Vade domum, filthæe nequam, aut te interficiabo."
Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit *Gilly* whippum,
Ingentemque manu sherdam levavit, et omnem
Gallantæi hominis gashbeardam besmereavit;
"Sume tibi hoc," inquit, sneesing valdè operativum,
"Pro præmio, swingere, tuo;" tum denique flaido
Ingentem *Gilly Wamphra* dedit validamque nevellam:
Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem
Ambobus fugere ex oculis: sic *Gylla* triumphat.
Obstupuit bombaizdus homo, backumque repentè

Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset; et "*O Fy!*"
Ter quater exclamat, et ô quàm sæpe neezavit!
Disjuniumque omne evomuit valdè hungrius homo,
Lausavitque suprà, atque infrà, mirabile visu,
Et luggas necko imponens, sic cucurrit absens,
Non audens gimpare iterum, ne worsa tulisset.
  Hæc *Neberna* videns yellavit turpia verba,
Et "Fy fy!" exclamat, prope nunc victoria losta est.
Nec morâ, terribilem fillavit dira canonem,
Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
Barytonam emisit, veluti *Monsmegga* cracasset.
Tum verò quackârunt hostes, flightamque repentè
Sumpserunt, retrospexit *Jackmannus*, et ipse
Sheepheadus metuit sonitumque ictumque buleti.
  Quod si King Spanius, *Philippus* nomine, septem
Hisce consimiles habuisset fortè canones
Batterare *Sluissam*, *Sluissam* dingasset in assam.
Aut si tot magnus *Ludovicus* fortè dedisset
Ingentes fartas ad mœnia *Montalbana*,
Ipsam continuò townam dingasset in yerdam.
  Exit Corngrevius wracco omnia tendere videns,
"Consiliumque meum, si non accipitis," inquit,
"Pulchras scartabo facies, et vos worriabo."
Sed needlo per seustram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes stobbatus, greitans, lookansque grivatè
Barlephumle clamat, et dixit, "O Deus! *O God!*"—
  Quid multis? Sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est,
Una nec interea spillata est droppa cruoris.

CHRYSTE-KIRK ON THE GREEN:

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY

KING JAMES THE FIRST,

OF SCOTLAND:

ATTEMPTED IN

LATIN HEROIC VERSE.

B

I.

Was never in Scotland heard nor seen
Sic dancing and deray,
Neither in Falkland o' the green,
Nor Peebles at the play;
As was of wooer's as I ween
At *Chryste-kirk* on a day;
There came our kitties washen clean
In new kirtles of gray,
Fou gay that day.

II.

To dance thae damosels them dight,
Thir lasses light of laits;
Their gloves were of the raffel right,
Their shoon were of the straits,
Their gowns were of the *Lincom* light,
Well prest wi' mony plaits;
They were sae nice when men them nicht
They squeel'd like ony gaits,
Fou loud that day.

III.

Of a' these maidens mild as meid,
Was nane sae jimp as *Gilly*:
Like ony rose her rude was red,
Her lire was like the lily:
Fou sleik and yellow was her head;
But she of love was silly,
Tho' a' her kin had sworn her dead,
She wad hae but sweet *Willy*,
Alane that day.

I.

NON unquam in Scotis audita aut visa fuere
Talia saltantis gaudia, totque chori,
Non ubi regales jactat *Falklandia* circos,
Non ubi agit ludos *Peblia* villa suos;
Qualia adhuc memini certamina mista procorum,
Nuper apud *Chryste-kirk* festo agitata die,
Huc bene lotarum vestita advenerat albis
Blanda puellarum et munda caterva togis.

II.

Saltatum venere omnes, et in ordine promptæ
Ancillæ illæ hilares, moribus atque leves:
Induerant manibus thecas variâ arte venustas,
Arctabant graciles tegmina glabra pedes,
Quas habuere togas dederat *Lincolnia*, multis
Compositas mira dexteritate plicis;
Attamen ad juvenum tactus adeò usque pudicæ
Caprarum timidos more dedere sonos.

III.

Inter tot suaves, ut Hymettia mella, puellas
Quæ palmam meruit *Gillia* virgo fuit;
Candido vincebant albentes lilia mammæ,
Vincebant nitidas labra rubore rosas:
Pulchra tamen flavos licet, et bene pexa capillos
Heu nimium indigno stulta in amore fuit,
Quantumvis poterant fremere aut suadere parentes
Billeolum ante omnes *Gillia* habere cupit.

IV.

She scorned *Jock* and scrapit at him,
And murgeon'd him wi' mocks:
He wad ha' lov'd, she wad na let him,
For a' his yellow locks.
He cherish'd her, she bade gae chat him,
Counted him not twa clocks:
Sae shamefully his short gown set him,
His legs were like twa rocks,
Or rungs that day.

V.

Tam Lutter was their minstrel meet;
Good Lord! how he could lance!
He play'd so shrill, and sang sae sweet,
While *Tousie* took a trance;
Auld *Lightfoot* there he did forleet,
And counterfeited France,
He us'd himself like man discreet,
And up the Morrice-dance
He led that day.

VI.

Steenie came steppin in wi' stends,
Nae rink might him arrest:
Plaitfoot did bob wi' mony bends,
For *Mause* he made request:
He lap till he lay on his lends,
But rising was sae prest,
While that he hostit at baith ends
In honour of the feast,
Fou loud that day.

IV.

At malè *Jockæo* sannis irrisit acerbis,
Insulsis addens probra maligna jocis:
Ille volebat amare, nec hoc perversa sinebat
Flaventes habuit quamlibet ille comas:
Sæpe illam fovit, spernit tamen illa foventem,
Nec binis reputat vermibus usque parem:
Quippe fuit nimium curto in velamine turpis,
Æquabantque duas crura rigore colos.

V.

Venerat huc fidium *Tam Lutter*, in arte magister,
Heu bone! quàm potuit tangere ritè lyram!
Tam nervis argutus erat; tam voce canorus,
Tousia dum dulci victa stupore jacet:
Ipse senex *Lightfoot* rugasque oblitus et annos,
Gallorum lepida reddidit arte modos,
Jucundosque viri mores imitatus amœni,
Mimorum gestit primus inire choros.

VI.

Steinius ingreditur variis saltantibus acer,
Nil potuit celeres illi inhibere pedes:
Gressibus et *Plaitfoot* curtis, agilisque movebat,
Mausei cupiensæ posse placere suæ;
Inter saltandum vero, collapsus in artus
Surgere dum tentat, heu malè pressus erat,
Raucisonamque edens tussim supráque et ab infrà
Convivis certè turpi in honore fuit.

VII.

Syne *Robinroy* began to revel,
And *Dawny* to him druggit:
" Let be," quo' *Jock*, and ca'd him Jevel,
And by the tail him tuggit;
The kensie clikit till a kevel,
Good Lord! as they twa luggit:
They partit manly on a nevel,
Men say that hair was ruggit,
Fell sair that day.

VIII.

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt did steer him,
Nae mows was to have scarr'd him,
He cheis'd a flane as did effeir him
The t'ither cry'd *Dirdum dardum*:
Thro' baith the cheeks he thought to sheer him,
Or thro' the arse have charr'd him,
By an aiker braid it cam na near him,
I wonder sair what marr'd him,
Sae wide that day.

IX.

A yap young man that stood him neist
Loos'd aff a bowt wi' ire:
He ettl'd the barn in at the breast,
The bowt flew o'er the byre;
" Fy sirs," quo' they, " he's slain a priest
A mile ayont the mire:"
Syne bow and bag frae him he kiest,
And fled as fierce as fire
Frae flint that day.

VII.

Ecce *Robinroius* permiscere omnia cœpit,
Daunæamque ad se, captus amore, rapit:
"Linque illam," *Jockæus* ait, Scabrumque vocavit,
Perque, renitentem, posteriora trahit:
Ille amens, ut erat, baculum subitò occupat ingens,
Proh! quanta inter eos luctaque lisque fuit!
Inde super colaphum, cessere viriliter ambo,
Rumor erat, vulsas ante fuisse comas.

VIII.

Mox arcum tendit, rixam qui viderat unus,
Væ, quicunque audax impediisset eum:
Eligit et, visa est sibi quæ magis apta, sagittam,
Alter clamabat, *Dirdule*, stultus homo es!
Maxillas illum per utrasque forare putabat,
Aut saltem in medias figere tela nates;
Jugero at extenso propius non attigit illum,
Miror quid potuit tam variâsse manum.

IX.

Tunc alacer juvenis steterat qui proximus illi,
Iratâ jaculum vibrat ab aure manu:
Horreum in anterius recta penetrare volebat,
Hasta super parvum obliqua bovile volat:
"Ecce Sacerdotem," conclamant, "iste peremit,
Mille etiam longè passibus ultra lacum:"
Tunc procul abjiciens arcum simul atque pharetram,
Fugit ut ex icto marmore flamma ferox.

X.

Wi' that, a friend of his cry'd "Fy,"
And forth an arrow drew:
He forged it so furiously,
The bow in flinders flew.
Sae was the will of God, trow I,
For had the tree been true,
Men said that kend his archery,
That he had slain anew,
Belyve that day.

XI.

A hasty heinzure called Harry,
Who was an archer hynd,
Fitt up a tackle withoutten tarry,
Sic torment has him tyn'd:
Whether or no his hand did vary,
Or the man was his friend,
But he escap'd through mights of Mary,
As ane that nae ill mean'd,
But good that day.

XII.

Syne *Laury* like a lyon lap,
And fast a flane can fedder:
He heght to pierce him at the pap,
Thereon to wad a wedder:
He hit him o' the wame a wap,
It buft like ony bladder,
For sae his fortune was and hap,
His doublet made of leather,
Sav'd him that day.

X.

Nec morâ cognatus quidam subito intonat Ohe,
De pharetrâque trahit missile robur ovans:
Strinxerat at tantis furibundus viribus arcum,
Ille statim varia in fragmina ruptus abit.
Sic equidem voluere Dii, mihi credere fas est,
Nam si servasset fraxinus ista fidem,
Dicebat quicunque viri cognoverat artem,
Multa futura illo corpora cæsa die.

XI.

Fervidus hinc audaxque, *Henricus* nomine, miles,
Qui miræ arcitenens calliditatis erat,
Instrumenta rapit, fuerant quæ proxima belli,
Tam violenta illi pectoris ira fuit:
Fortia an errarint jaculándo brachia, necne,
An fuerit, dubium est, alter amicus homo,
Hic tamen evasit, certè auxiliante Mariâ,
Ut qui tale mali nil meditatus erat.

XII.

Laurius inde feri saliebat more leonis,
Et pennata citò tela parare potest:
Spondebat juveni mediam terebrare papillam,
Ni faceret, contrà sponte daturus ovem:
Inferiora tamen percussit arundine ventris,
Ut vesica, cavum fecit arundo sonum,
Namque benigna viro tantùm fortuna favebat,
Indusium ex crassa pelle tegebet eum.

XIII.

The buff sae boisterously abefft him,
He to the earth dusht down:
The t'ither man for dead there left him,
And fled out o' the town:
The wives came furth, and up they reft him,
And fand life in the lown,
Wi' three routs o' the arse they safit him,
And cur'd him out o' the swoon,
Fou fast that day.

XIV.

They girn'd, and let great girds wi' grains,
Ilk gossip ither griev'd:
Some strack wi' stings, some gather'd stanes
Some fled and were reliev'd:
The minstrel crap within twa wains,
That day he wisely priev'd,
For he wan hame wi' unbruis'd banes,
Where fighters were mischiev'd
Fell ill that day.

XV.

Heigh *Hutchin* wi' a hazle-rice
To redd can thro' them rumble,
He maw'd them down like maughtless mice,
He was nae baity bumble:
Though he was wight he was nae wise
Wi' sic janglers to jumble,
For frae his thumb they dang a slice
Till he cry'd "Barlefumble,
I'm slain this day."

XIII.

Plaga tamen gressus adeò labefecit eunti,
Succiduo in terram volvitur ille genu:
Alter ut extinctum nec opinâ morte reliquit,
Et procul ut potuit fugit ab urbe pavens:
Egressæ matres lapsum de stercore tollunt,
Inveniuntque animæ signa manentis adhuc:
Tunc tribus in clunes refovebant ictibus ægrum,
Semianimemque citò restituere virum.

XIV.

Frendebant, multoque dabant cum murmure plagas,
Quisque cui potuit causa doloris erat:
Pars feriere alios baculis, pars saxa legebant,
Pars capiunt tanto fessa labore fugam.
At sapiens inter fidicen duo plaustra latebat,
Illo nempe die sat sibi cautus erat,
Quippe domum sanis infractisque ossibus ibat,
Dum qui pugnabant saucia membra gemunt.

XV.

Hutchinus excelsus corylæo vimini fultus
Rumperet ut rixas hâc et ubique ruit:
Prosternitque viros veluti sine robore mures,
Non ille ignavus, non erat ille piger:
At licèt audacter, certè haud sapienter agebat,
Inter dementes qui vaga bella tulit:
Vulnere nam subito mutilati pollicis ictus,
"Sistite jam ludos, en ego cæsus," ait.

XVI.

When that he saw his blude sae red,
To flee might nae man let him;
He thought it had been for auld feid,
He ween'd, and bade have at him.
Syne gart his feet defend his head,
The far fairer it set him:
Till he was past out of all pleid
He should be swift that gat him,
Thro' speed that day.

XVII.

Wi' forks and flails they lent great flaps,
And flang together like frigs:
Wi' bougers of barns they beft blew caps,
While they of bairns made brigs:
The reir'd raise rudely wi' the raps
When rungs were laid on rigs:
The wives came forth wi' cries and claps,
" See where my liking ligs,
Sae low this day!"

XVIII.

The town-soutor in grief was bowden,
His wife hang at his waist:
His body was wi' blude a' browden,
He grain'd like ony ghaist:
Her glittering locks that were sae gowden,
Sae hard in love him lac'd,
That for her sake he was na yowden
While he a mile was chac'd,
And mair that day.

XVI.

Ut verò rubrum vidit manare cruorem,
    Velocem potuit nemo vetare fugam;
Reliquias veteris metuens mansisse querelæ,
    Hoc ratus, En, hostis, nunc tibi, dixit, habe.
Inde levis pedibus caput est tutatus inerme,
    Pulchrius hoc tali tempore mortis erat:
Dum procul a pugna fuerit, procul atque periclo,
    Ocyor Euro esset qui tetigisset eum.

XVII.

Furcis pars tribulisque agitabant verbera dura,
    Confusumque unà composuere globum:
Pars fusca horrendis tundebant pilea tignis,
    Quà super infantes pontibus acta via est:
Crescebat strepitus repetitis ictibus atrox
    Dum pulsant fustes mutua dorsa graves:
Matronæ exierant ululatu et plausibus altis,
    "Heu ita, noster amor, cur resupine jaces?"

XVIII.

Publicus interea Sutor mœrore tumebat,
    Amplectente viri conjuge fluente sinus:
Squalebat totum nigro sub sanguine corpus,
    Ingemuit veluti pallida spectra solent:
Hunc tamen uxoris nitidæque auroque micantes,
    Implicuere adeo dulci in amore, comæ,
Illius ut causâ nec tardus nec piger esset,
    Dum passus plùs quàm mille fugatus erat.

XIX.

The miller was of manly make,
To meet him was nae mows:
Nae ten-some there durst him attack,
Sae knoyted he their pows.
The bushment hail about him brake,
And bicker'd him wi' bows,
Syne traiterously behind his back
They hew'd him o' the hows,
Ahint that day.

XX.

Twa that were headsmen of the herd,
On ither ran like rams,
They follow'd seeming right unfear'd
Beat on wi' barrow trams:
But where their gabs they were ungear'd,
They gat upo' the gams,
Till bloody-barken'd was their beard
As they had worry'd lambs,
Maist like that day.

XXI.

The wives keist up a hideous yell,
To see thae yonkers yokkit,
As fierce as flags or fireflaught fell,
Frieks to the fields they flokkit:
The carls wi' clubs did other quell
On breasts while blood out bokkit:
Sae rudely rang the common bell
That a' the steeple rockit,
For dread that day.

XIX.

Fortis erat formæ *millaris* mole virilis,
Non tali optares obvius ire viro:
Nix illi voluere decem concurrere juncti,
Tanto et tam crebro vulnere templa quatit.
Hunc citô circumeunt omnes, et in agmine denso
Arcubus infestis undique quaque premunt:
Et tandum aversum, nihil et post terga timentem
Insidiis, secto poplite, ponè necant.

XX.

Hinc duo, qui fuerant ductores agminis ipsi,
Arietibus similes, alterum uterque petunt;
Invaduntque hinc inde armis, positoque timore
Vibrabant cratis quas dedit ansa trabes:
Quà tamen ora virum sine tegmine nuda fuere,
Multa super fauces vulnera quisque tulit,
Dum fuerint atro madefactæ sanguine barbæ
Qualiter ac si agnos ambo vorâsse putes.

XXI.

Clamorem vetulæ miserandâ voce ciebant,
Hos fera dum juvenes jungere bella vident,
Utque cadunt imbresque nivis vel fulgura dira,
Sic passim in campos, stridula turba, ruunt:
Clavigeri heroës, illi illum hinc inde, domabant
Sterna super, flueret multus ut inde cruor:
Horrendoque adeò fremitu campana boabat,
Ut tremeret titubans spira fragore gravi.

XXII.

By this *Tom Tailor* was in's gear
As soon's he heard the bell,
He said he shou'd make a' asteer
Gin he came there himsell.
He gade to fight in sic a fier,
That to the ground he fell,
A wife that hat him on the ear
Wi' a great knocking mell,
Fell'd him that day.

XXIII.

When they had bier'd like baited bulls,
And brains had bruis'd in bails,
They were as meek as any mules
That mangit are wi' mails:
For faintness thae forfoughten fools
Fell down like flaughter-fails:
Fresh men came in and hail'd the dools
And dang them down in dails,
Bedeen that day.

XXIV.

When a' was done, Dick wi' an ax
Ran forth to fell a fidder,
Quo' he, "Where are yon hangit smaicks
That would hae slain my brither?"
His wife bad him "Gae hame Gib Glaiks,"
And sae did Meg his mither;
He turn'd and gave them baith their paiks,
For he durst ding nane ither
But them that day.

XXII.

Jamque erat indutus *Tom Tailor* et asper in armis
Edidit ut primos machina sacra sonos,
Magna strepens, bellique minans augere tumultum
Si quando intraret fervidus ipse aciem:
Dum tamen in pugnam ruit, heu ! malè cautus et ardens
Decidit in gelidam præcipitatus humum,
Atque ibi *tundibulo* super aurem atque ora jacentem
Contudit ingenti sæva virago virum.

XXIII.

Sic postquam irruerant, tauri quo more feroces,
Perculeratque urens læsa cerebra furor,
Tunc pacata cohors fuit, atque simillima mulis
Macra quibus durum terga fatigat onus:
Lassitie tandem malè sana et anhela caterva
Ad terram, secta ut gleba ligone, cadunt:
Turma recens venit, et finem positura labori,
Defessam facili dejicit arte gregem.

XXIV.

Jamque opus exhaustum est; solus cùm Dicky bipenni
Exilit icturus lignula parva gravi:
" Furcifer, heus ubi nunc," clamat, " latrunculus iste
Conatus fratrem qui necuisse meum."
Uxor, " Abito domum," jussit, " Gilbertule stulte,"
Ipsa etiam mater *Maggy* jubebat idem:
Millia, conversus dedit huic et verbera et illi,
Ausus enim nullos plectere præter eas.

CHRYSTE-KIRK ON THE GREEN.

Canto Second.

WRITTEN BY ALLAN RAMSAY, AND FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1715.

CHRYSTE-KIRK ON THE GREEN.

CANTO II.

I.

But there had been mair blood an' skaith,
Sair hardship an' great spulie,
An' mony a ane had gotten his death
By this unsonsy tuilie;
But that the bauld guid-wife o' Braith,
Arm'd wi' a great kail-gully,
Came bellyflaught, an' lute an aith,
She'd gar them a' be huily
Fou fast that day.

II.

Blyth to win aff sae wi' hale banes,
Tho' mony had clowr'd pows;
An' dragl'd sae 'mang muck an' stanes,
They look'd like wirykows:
Quoth some, wha maist had tint their synds,
Let's see how a' bowls rows,
An' quat this brulziement at anes;
Yon gully is nae mows,
Forsooth this day.

III.

Quoth Hutchon, I am weel content,
I think we may do waur :
Till this time towmond I'se indent
Our claiths o' dirt will sa'r.
Wi' nevels I'm amaist fa'n faint,
My chafts are dung a char ;
Then took his bannet to the bent,
An' daddit aff the glar
Fou clean that day.

IV.

Tam Taylor, wha in time o' battle
Lay as gin some had fell'd him,
Gat up now wi' an unco' rattle,
As nane there durst a quell'd him:
Bauld Bess flew till him wi' a brattle,
An' spite o' his teeth held him
Close by the craig, an' wi' her fatal
Knife shored she wad geld him,
For peace that day.

V.

Syne a' wi' ae consent shook hands,
As they stuid in a ring;
Some redd their hair, some set their bands,
Some did their sark-tails wring;
Then for a hap to shaw their brands,
They did their minstrel bring,
Whare clever houghs like willie-wands,
At ilka blythsome spring,
Lap high that day.

VI.

Claud Peky was nae very blate,
He stood nae lang a-dreigh;
For by the wame he gripped Kate,
An' gar'd her gi'e a skreigh:
Haud aff, quoth she, ye filthy slate,
Ye stink o' leeks, O feigh!
Let gae my hands, I say, be quait;
An' wow gin she was skeigh
An' mim that day.

VII.

Now settl'd gossies sat, an' keen
Did for fresh bickers birle;
While the young swankies on the green
Took round a merry tirle:
Meg Wallet, wi' her pinky een,
Gart Lawrie's heart-strings dirle;
An' fouk wad threep, that she did green
For what wad gar her skirle
An' skreigh some day.

VIII.

The manly miller, haff an' haff,
Cam out to shaw guid will,
Flang by his mittans an' his staff,
Cry'd, Gi'e me Paty's Mill;
He lap bawk-hight, an' cry'd, Haud aff,
They roos'd him that had skill;
He wad do't better, quoth a cawff,
Had he anither gill
O' Usqueba.

IX.

Furth started niest a pensy blade,
An' out a maiden took,
They said that he was Falkland bred,
An' danced by the book;
A souple taylor to his trade,
An' whan their hands he shook,
Ga'e them what he got frae his dad,
Videlicit, the yuke,
To claw that day.

X.

Whan a' cry'd out he did sae weel,
He Meg an' Bess did call up;
The lasses babb'd about the reel,
Gar'd a' their hurdies wallop,
An' swat like pownies whan they speel
Up braes, or whan they gallop;
But a thrawn knublock hit his heel,
An' wives had him to haul up,
Haff fell'd that day.

XI.

But mony a pauky look an' tale
Gaed round, whan glowming hous'd them,
The hostler wife brought benn guid ale,
An' bade the lasses rouse them:
Up wi' them lads, an' I'se be bail
They'll looe ye an' ye touse them;
Quoth Gawssie, this will never fail
Wi' them that this gate wooes them,
On sic a day.

XII.

Syne stools an' furms were drawn aside,
An' up raise Willy Dadle,
A short hought man, but fou o' pride,
He said the fiddler play'd ill;
Let's hae the pipes, quoth he, beside;
Quoth a', That is nae said ill;
He fits the floor, syne wi' the bride
To Cuttyman an' Treeladle,
Thick, thick, that day.

XIII.

In the mean time in cam the laird,
An' by some right did claim
To kiss an' dance wi Mausie Aird,
A dink an' dorty dame:
But O poor Mause was aff her guard,
For back-gate frae her wame,
Becking, she loot a fearfu' raird,
That gart her think great shame,
An' blush that day.

XIV.

Auld Steen led out Maggy Forsyth,
He was her ain guid-brither;
An' ilka ane was unco blyth,
To see auld fouk sae clever.
Quoth Jock, wi' laughing like to rive,
What think ye o' my mither?
Were my dad dead, let me ne'er thrive,
But she wad get anither
Guidman this day.

XV.

Tam Lutter had a muckle dish,
An' betwisht ilka tune,
He laid his lugs in't like a fish,
An' suckt till it was done:
His bags were liquor'd to his wish,
His face was like a moon:
But he cou'd get nae place to pish
In, but his ain twa shoon,
For thrang that day.

XVI.

The letter-gae a' haly Rhyme,
Sat up at the boord-head,
And a' he said was thought a crime
To contradict indeed:
For in clark lear he was right prime,
An' cou'd baith write an' read,
And drank sae firm, till ne'er a styme
He cou'd keek on a bead
Or book that day.

XVII.

Whan he was strute, twa sturdy chiels,
Be's oxter an' be's collar,
Held up frae cowping o' the creels
The liquid logic scholar.
Whan he came hame, his wife did reel,
An' rampage in her choler,
Wi' that he brak the spinning-wheel,
That cost a good rix-dollar
An' mair, some say.

XVIII.

Near bed-time now, ilk weary wight
Was gaunting for his rest;
For some were like to tyne their sight,
Wi' sleep an' drinking strest.
But ithers that were stomach-tight.
Cry'd out, It was nae best
To leave a supper that was dight,
To brownies, or a ghaist,
To eat next day.

XIX.

On whumelt tubs lay twa lang dails,
On them stuid mony a goan,
Some fill'd wi' brachan, some wi' kail,
An' milk het frae the loan.
O' dainties they had routh an' wale,
O' which they were right fon;
But naething wad gae down but ale
Wi' drunken Donald Don,
The smith, that day.

XX.

Twa times aught bannocks in a heap,
An' twa guid junts o' beef,
Wi' hind an' fore spaul o' a sheep,
Drew whittles from ilk sheath:
Wi' gravie a' their beards did dreep,
They kempit wi' their teeth;
A kebbuck syne that maist could creep
Its lane, pat on the sheaf
In stous that day.

XXI.

The bride was now laid in her bed,
Her left leg ho was flung;
An' Geordie Gib was fidgen glad,
Because it hit Jean Gun:
She was his jo, an' aft had said,
Fy, Geordie, haud your tongue,
Ye's neer get me to be your bride:
But chang'd her mind whan bung,
That very day.

XXII.

Tehee, quoth Tousie, when she saw
The cathel coming benn;
It pyping het gaed round them a';
The bride she made a fen,
To sit in wylicoat sae braw,
Upo' her nether en';
Her lad like ony cock did craw,
That meets a clocken hen,
An' blythe were they.

XXIII.

The souter, miller, smith, an' Dick,
Lawrie, an' Hutchon bauld,
Carles that keep nae very strict
Be hours though they were auld:
Nor cou'd they e'er leave off that trick;
But whar good ale was sald,
They drank a' night, e'en though Auld Nick
Should tempt their wives to scald
Them for't niest day.

XXIV.

Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen,
    Sic banqueting an' drinkin',
Sic ravelling an' battles keen,
    Sic dancing, an' sic jinkin,
An' unco' wark, that fell at een,
    Whan lasses were hauf winkin,
They lost their feet an' baith their een,
    An' kisses sweet gaed linkin
        Aff a' that day.

CHRYSTE-KIRK ON THE GREEN.

Canto Third.

WRITTEN BY ALLAN RAMSAY, AND FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1718.

CHRYSTE-KIRK ON THE GREEN.

CANTO III.

I.

Now frae east nook o' Fife the dawn
Speel'd westlines up the lift,
Carles wha heard the cock had crawn,
Begoud to rax an' rift:
An' greedy wives wi' girning thrawn,
Cry'd, Lasses up to thrift;
Dogs barked, an' the lads frae hand
Bang'd to their breeks like drift,
Be break o' day.

II.

But some wha had been fou yestreen,
Sic as the letter-gae,
Air up had nae will to be seen,
Grudgin their groat to pay.
But what aft fristed's no forgien,
Whan fouk has nought to say;
Yet sweer were they to rake their een,
Sic dizzy heads had they,
An' het that day.

III.

Be that time it was fair four days,
As fou's the house cou'd pang,
To see the young fok ere they raise,
Gossips came in ding dang,
An wi' a soss aboon the claise,
Ilk ane their gifts down flang:
Twall toop-horn spoons down Maggy lays,
Baith muckle-mou'd an' lang,
For kail or whey.

IV.

Her aunt a pair o' tangs fush in,
Right bald she spake an' spruce,
" Gin your guidman shall mak a din,
An' gabble like a goose,
Shorin, whan fou, to skelp ye'r skin,
Thir tangs may be o' use:
Lay them alang his pow or shin,
Wha wins syne may mak roose
Between you twa."

V.

Auld Bessy in her red coat braw,
Came wi' her ain oe Nanny,
An odd-like wife they said that saw,
A moupin runkled granny:
She fley'd the kimmers ane an' a',
Word gaed she was na canny;
Nor wad they let lucky awa',
Till she was fou wi' branny,
Like mony mae.

VI.

Het drink, fresh butter'd caiks, an' cheese,
    That held their hearts aboon,
Wi' clashes, mingled aft wi' lies,
    Drave aff the hale forenoon:
But after dinner, an' ye please,
    To weary not o'er soon,
We down to e'ening edge wi' ease
    Shall loup, an' see what's done
        I' the doup o' day.

VII.

Now what the friends wad fain been at,
    They that were right true blue,
Was e'en to get their wysons wat,
    An' fill young Roger fou:
But the bauld billy took his maut,
    An' was right stiff to bow;
He fairly ga'e them tit for tat,
    An' scour'd aff healths anew,
        Clean out that day.

VIII.

A creel bout fou o' muckle stanes,
    They clinked on his back,
To try the pith o's rigg an' reins,
    They gart him cadge his pack.
Now as a sign he had taen pains,
    His young wife was nae slack,
To rin an' ease his shouther-banes,
    An sneg'd the raips fu' snack,
        Wi' her knife that day.

IX.

Syne the blyth carles, tooth an' nail,
Fell keenly to the wark;
To ease the gantrees o' the ale,
An try wha was maist stark;
Till boord and floor, and a did sail
Wi' spilt ale i' the dark:
Gart Jock's fit slide, he like a flail,
Play'd dad, and dang the bark
Aff's shin that day.

X.

The souter, miller, smith, and Dick,
Et cet'ra, closs sat cockin,
Till wasted was baith cash an' tick,
Sae ill were they to slocken:
Gane out to pish in gutters thick,
Some fell, and some gaed rockin,
Sawney hang sneering on his stick,
To see bald Hutchon bockin
Rainbows that day.

XI.

The smith's wife her black deary sought,
An' fand him skin and birn;
Quoth she, "This day's wark's be dear bought;"
He bann'd an' ga'e a girn,
Ca'd her a jad, and said she mucht
Gae hame and scum her kirn:
"Whisht, ladren! for gin ye say ought
Mair, I'se wind ye a pirn,
To reel some day."

XII.

"Ye'll wind a pirn! ye silly snool,
Wae worth y'er drunken saul,"
Quoth she, an' lap out o'er a stool,
An' claught him by the spaul:
He shook her, an sware "Muckle dool,
Yese thole for this, ye scaul;
I'se rive frae aff your hips the hool,
An' learn ye to be baul
On sic a day."

XIII.

"Ye'r tippanizing scant o' grace,"
Quoth she, "gars me gang duddy:
Our nibour Pate sin break o' day's
Been thumpin at his studdy;
Gin' it be true that some fouk says,
Ye'll girn yet in a woody:
Syne wi' her nails she rave his face,
Made a' his black baird bloody
Wi' scarts that day.

XIV.

A gilpy that had seen the faught,
I wat he was nae lang,
Till he had gather'd seven or aught,
Wild hempies stout an' strang;
They frae a barn a kaber raught,
Ane mounted wi' a bang,
Betwisht twa's shoulders, an' sat straught
Upon't, an rade the stang
On her that day.

XV.

The wives an gytlings a' spawn'd out
O'er middings and o'er dykes,
Wi' mony an unco skirl an' shout,
Like bumbees frae their bykes;
Thro' thick an' thin they scour'd about,
Plashing through dubs an' sykes,
An sic a reird ran thro' the rout,
Gart a' the hale town-tykes
Yamph loud that day.

XVI.

But dy'e see, fu' better bred
Was mensfu' Maggy Murdy,
She her man like a lammy led
Hame wi' a weel-wail'd wordy,
Fast frae the company he fled,
As he had taen the sturdy;
She fleech'd him fairly to his bed,
Wi' ca'ing him her burdy,
Kindly that day.

XVII.

But Lawrie he took out his nap
Upon a mow o' pease;
An' Robin spew'd in's ain wife's lap,
He said it gie'd him ease:
Hutchon wi' a three-lugg'd cap,
His head bizzin wi' bees,
Hit Geordy a mislushios rap,
An' brak the brig o's neese,
Right sair that day.

XVIII.

Syne ilka thing gaed arse o'er head,
Chanlers, boord, stools, an' stoups,
Flew through the house wi' muckle speed,
An' there was little hopes
But there had been some ill-done deed,
They gat sic thrawart cowps;
But a' the skaith that chanc'd indeed,
Was only on their dowps,
Wi' fa's that day.

XIX.

Sae whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,
Till a' their sense was smoor'd;
An' in their maws there was nae mank;
Upon the furms some snor'd:
Ithers frae aff the bunkers sank,
Wi' een like collops scor'd;
Some ramm'd their noddles wi' a clank,
E'en like a thick-scull'd lord,
On posts that day *.

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* These two Cantos, though not written till three hundred years after the first, describe, with true poetic genius, several ancient Scottish practices, at the most jovial weddings. By an elegant translation into the Latin language, they would be preserved as long as Britain continues to be a polished nation, and might afford useful information to some future writer *De Moribus Scotorum*.

THE

MONK AND THE MILLER'S WIFE.

A TALE.

WRITTEN BY

ALLAN RAMSAY, Esq.

WITH

A TRANSLATION INTO LATIN RHYME.

Now lend your lugs, ye benders fine,
Wha ken the benefit of wine,
And you wha laughing scud brown ale,
Leave Jinks a wee, and hear a tale.

An honest miller winn'd in Fife,
That had a young and wanton wife,
Wha sometimes thol'd the parish priest
To make her man a twa-horn'd beast.
He paid right mony visits till her;
And to keep in wi' Hab the Miller,
He 'ndeavoured oft to mak him happy,
Whane'er he kent the ale was nappy.
Sic condescension in a pastor
Knit Halbert's love to him the faster;
And by his converse, troth 'tis true,
Hab learn'd to preach—when he was fou.
Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,
The wife well-serv'd, the man well-eas'd;
This ground his corns, and that did cherish
Himself with dining round the parish;
Bess, the gudewife, thought it nae skaith,
Since she was fit, to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,
And Ceres gives the schools the play,
A youth sprung frae a gentle *pater*,
Bred at Saint Andrew's *alma mater*,
Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late,
And him benighted by the gate:

Potores inclyti, divini,
Qui scitis beneficia vini,
Quos risus juvat dum bibatis,
Fabellam lepidam audiatis.
  In Fifa molitor degebat
Vitam, qui conjugem habebat
Lascivam, sponsi quæ consortem
Admisit sacerdotem fortem.
Alberto pater hic benignè
Officium præstitit insigne;
Cùm sciret ei cervisiam bonam,
Sæpius se dedit combibonem;
Et mirum dictu, hic Albertus,
Pollenti spiritu refertus,
Dum sanctum patrem honorabat,
Ebrius et ipse prædicabat.
Sic cuique erat satisfactum;
Sponsæ, marito, opus actum;
Hic dum pistrino sese præbet,
Alter parochiæ incumbebat;
Et *Bella*, alacris ubique,
Se commodam dedit utrique.
  Umbræ quum lucibus æquales,
Et feriæ redeunt autumnales,
Redibat fortè domum patris
Alumnus solers almæ matris
Andreæ Sancti: dies cadit,
Nox polum tenebris invadit:

To lye without, pit mirk did shore him,
He coudna see his thumb before him:
But, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,
Whilk led him by the lug theretill.
To tak the thread of tale alang,
This mill to Halbert did belang;
Nor less this note your notice claims,
The scholar's name was Master James.
Now, smiling muse, the prelude past,
Smoothly relate a tale shall last
As lang as Alps and Grampian hills,
As lang as wind or water mills.
In enter'd James, Hab saw and ken'd him,
An' offer'd kindly to befriend him
With sic good cheer as he could make,
Baith for his ain and father's sake.
The scholar thought himself right sped,
And gave him thanks in terms wiel bred,
Quoth Hab, "I canna leave my mill
As yet;—but step ye west the kill
A bow-shot, and ye'll find my hame;
Gae warm ye, and crack wi' our dame,
'Till I set aff the mill, syne we
Shall tak what Bessy has to gi'e."
James, in return, what's handsome said,
O'er lang to tell, and aff he gade.

Digitum nequimus cùm spectare,
Horrendum foris est cubare.
Fors erat molam tunc audire
Quæ grato sonitu lenire:
Mola hæc erat bene nota
Alberti, ædes nec remota.
Alumnus intrat, cui cognomen
Jacobus; faustum quod sit omen!
  Nunc, Musa, pergas enarrare
Fabellam lepidè, preclarè,
Gratum, dum restent molendina,
Vel Scotis vivitur farinâ.
  Intrat Jacobus, nec ignotus
Alberto, quippe haud remotus
A villula qua habitabat
Pater, hic operam navabat.
Sic hospiti benignum vultum
Præbebat, gratulatus multùm;
Et dixit tunc adolescenti,
Gratas quàm plurimas reddenti,
"I, mi amice, petas ædes
Qua juxta sitas ducant pedes.
Oportet morer hìc paulisper,
Sed te conveniam tantisper;
Interea hìc dum opus actum
Ibis ad focum calefactum,
Dum redeam, isthic tempus teres
Et cum uxore colloqueris."
Jacobus annuit contentus,
Et ædes quærit nihil lentus.

Out of the house some light did shine,
Which led him till't as with a line:
Arriv'd, he knock'd, for doors were steekit;
Straight through a window Bessy keekit,
And cries, "Wha's that, gies folk a fright
At sic untimeous time o' night?"
James, with good humour, maist discreetly,
Tald her his circumstance completely,
"I dinna ken ye," quoth the wife,
"And up an down the thieves are rife;
Within my lane, I'm but a woman,
Sae I'll unbar my door to no man.
But since 'tis very like, my dow,
That a' ye're telling may be true,
Hae, there's a key, gang in your way
At the neist door, there's braw ait strae;
Streek down upon't, my lad, and learn
They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn."
Thus, after meikle clitter clatter,
James fand he coudna mend the matter;
And since it mightna better be,
With resignation took the key,
Unlock't the barn—clam up the mou,
Where was an opening near the hou,
Through whilk he saw a glent of light,
That gave diversion to his sight:
By this he quickly could discern
A thin wa' sep'rate house and barn;
And through this rive was in the wa',
All done within the house he saw:

Huc ducit luminis scintilla
Fulgens ex tenui favilla;
Occlusas fores dum pulsabat,
Ab intus *Bella* vocitabat;
"Insulsus quisnam peregrinus
Fores sic turbat serotinus?"
Jacobus comiter respondens,
Amicum nec ignotum spondens,
Quod accidit enarrat clarè:
At *Bella*; "Licet ignorare
"An falsa dicas sive vera;
Fures abundant nocte serâ;
Sic nolo ædes aperiri:
Quum tamen possis non mentiri,
Vicinum horreum intres statim,
En clavem; paleæ est affatim;
Hic cubes; bene est, profectò,
Cui stramen bonum sit pro lecto."
Hospes, quum melius non videtur,
In horreum pergit, ut jubetur:
Confertum stramen vidit purum
In altam molem juxta murum:
Ascendit cumulum sublimem,
Et circumspectans vidit rimam,
Per quam licebat clam tueri
In æde quicquid est videri.

He saw (what ought not to be seen,
And scarce gave credit to his een)
The parish priest, of reverend fame,
In active courtship with the dame.—
To lengthen out description here,
Would but offend the modest ear,
And beet the lewder youthfu' flame
That we by satire strive to tame.
Suppose the wicked action o'er,
And James continuing still to glowr;
Wha saw the wife as fast as able,
Spread a clean service on the table,
And syne frae the ha' ingle, bring ben
A pyping het young roasted hen,
And twa good bottles stout and clear,
Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But, wicked luck ! just as the priest
Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,
Th' unwelcome miller ga'e a roar,
Cry'd, " Bessy, haste ye ope the door."
With that the haly letcher fled,
And darn'd himself behind a bed;
While Bessy huddled a' things by,
That nought the cuckold might espy;
Syne loot him in,—but out of tune,
Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon;
" I come," said he, " as manners claims,
To crack and wait on Mr James,
Whilk I shou'd do, tho' ne'er so bizzy;
I sent him here, gudewife, where is he?"

Monstrum horrendum, turpe visu,
At nec spectandum absque risu;
En sacerdotem fœdo more
Consociatum cum uxore.—
Non decet amplius enarrari:
Quod inhonestum est profari:
Ad finem pone rem perductam;
Jacobus vidit mensam structam,
Quam desuper citò repostam
Gallinam spectat bene tostam,
Et amphorâ plus unâ bonâ
Cervisiæ plenâ ex caupona.
Ast, O fortunam infelicem!
Quum jam sacerdos in cervicem
Pulli tenelli cultrum dedit,
En molitor Albertus redit;
Et improvisus ut ingratus,
Ad ostium vociferatus,
"Heus, *Bella!* aperi marito."
O quàm sacerdos fugit citò,
Et condit sese pone lectum,
Dum omne mundum fit et rectum.
Marito tunc reclusæ ædes;
Cum *Bella:* "Cur tam citò redis?"
Albertus infit, "Stultè fata,
Incultum adeò es me rata
Ut nollem hospiti me dare
Quem fors nobiscum dat cœnare;
Jacobum nempe hunc formosum
Adolescentem generosum

"Ye sent him here, (quoth Bessy grumbling),
Kend I this James? A chiel came rumbling,
But how was I assured when dark,
That he had been nae thievish spark,
Or some rude wencher gotten a doze,
That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose?"
"And what came of him? speak nae langer,"
Cries Halbert, in a Highland anger.
"I sent him to the barn," quoth she:
"Gae quickly bring him in," quoth he.
James was brought in—the wife was bawked—
The priest stood close—the miller cracked—
Then ask'd his sunkan gloomy spouse,
What supper had she in the house,
That might be suitable to gi'e
Ane of their lodger's qualitie?
Quoth she, "Ye may wiel ken, gudeman,
Your feast comes frae the pottage-pan:
The stov'd and roasted we afford,
Are aft great strangers on our board."
"Pottage!" quoth Hab, "ye senseless tawpie!
Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy?
And that his gentle stamock's master
To worry up a pint of plaster?
Like our mill-knaves that lift the laiding,
Whase kytes can streek out like raw plaiding.
Swith roast a hen, or fry some chickens,
And send for ale frae Maggy Pickens."
"Hout aye," quoth she, "ye may wiel ken,
'Tis ill brought butt that's no there ben;

Quem isthuc misi."—"Vos misistis!
At nobis quæso quid cum istis
Qui noctu pervagantur? Fures
Ut bene notum sunt complures
Libidinosi vel potores,
Et horum unus pulsat fores—
Quid quæso, timens cùm latronem?
Ad horreum misi nebulonem."
"Ad horreum huncce," irâ fremens
Albertus: "I, duc intrò, demens!"
  Intrat Jacòbus, *Bella* malè
Ærumnam celat; penetrale
Sacerdos tenet; "Uxor ito
(Albertus ait) vide citò
Ut cœnam pares; quicquid dabis,
Esto de optimo quod habes."
Respondet uxor: "Pulchrè dictum
Nobis, pertenue queis victum
Pultes sufficiant vel frumenta
Et cibus optimus pulmenta!"
"Quid de pulmentis aut de pulte
(Infit Albertus) garris stultè?
Huic ventrem durum utì rastrum
Vorare credis hoc emplastrum?
Ut rustici, queis alvi putres
Distendi valeant ut utres!
Heus potum quæras ex popinâ
Igne dum coquitur gallina."
At *Bella*: "Frustrà flagitandum
Nequaquam quod suppeditandum;

When but last owk, nae farder gane,
The laird got a' to pay his kain."
Then James, wha had as good a guess
Of what was in the house as Bess,
With pawky smile, this plea to end,
To please himsel and ease his friend,
First open'd, with a slee oration,
His wondrous skill in conjuration.
Said he, " By this fell art I'm able
To whop off ony great man's table
Whate'er I like to mak a meal of—
Either in part, or yet the haill of—
And if you please I'll shaw my art"——
Cries Halbert, " Faith with all my heart!"
Bess fain'd herself,—cry'd, " Lord be here!"
And near hand fell a swoon for fear.
James leugh, and bade her naithing dread,
Syne to his conjuring went with speed:
And first he draws a circle round,
Then utters mony a magic sound
Of words, part Latin, Greek, and Dutch,
Enow to fright a very witch:
That done, he says, " Now, now 'tis come,
And in the boal beside the lum:
Now set the board; gudewife, gae ben,
Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen."
She wadna gang, but Habby ventur'd;
And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,

Gallinæ cunctæ nosti tute
Here pro canone solutæ."
   Jacobus interim peritus
Rerum plus æquo, nec invitus
Repensitare bona bonis,
Ut suadet norma talionis,
Astutè incipit testari
Se arte magicâ versari:
"Per hanc mirandam (dixit) artem
Vel totum possumus vel partem
Opimæ cœnæ suffurari:
Visne experimentum dari."
Albertus refert, "Vellem benè
Partem habere lautæ cœnæ."
At *Bellæ* malum suspicatæ
Sententiæ nullo modo gratæ;
Se divis donat in commendam;
Dum alter suadet nil timendum.
Tunc orbe magico vallatus
Jacobus plurimum profatus,
Insuetus vocibus Latinis,
Græcis, Germanis, peregrinis,
Horrore foret stupefacta
Ut ipsa maga: "Nunc peracta
Sunt omnia: ritè jam curatam
Habebis cœnam præparatam;
En profer optimam gallinam
Ex arcula ponè caminum."
Renuente conjuge, maritus
Ad arcam pergit haud invitus;

It smell'd sae weel, he short time sought it,
And, wondring, 'tween his hands he brought it.
He viewed it round, and thrice he smelt it,
Syne with a gentle touch he felt it,
Thus ilka sense he did conveen,
Lest glamour had beguil'd his een;
Then all in an united body,
Declar'd it a fine fat how-towdy.
"Nae mair about it," quoth the miller,
"The fowl looks wiel, and we'll fa' till her."
Sae be't, says James; and in a doop
They snapt her up baith stoop and roop.
"Niest, O!" cries Halbert, "could your skill
But help us to a waught of ale,
I'd be oblig'd ty'e a' my life,
And offer to the deel my wife;
To see if he'll discreeter mak' her,
But that I'm fley'd he winna tak her.
Said James, "Ye offer very fair,
The bargain's hadden, say nae mair."
Then thrice he shook a willow-wand,
With kittle words thrice gave command;
That done, with looks baith learn'd and grave;
Said, "Now ye'll get what ye wad have;
Twa bottles of as nappy liquor
As ever ream'd in horn or bicker,
Behind the ark that hads your meal,
Ye'll find twa standing corkit wiel."
He said, and fast the miller flew,
And frae their nests the bottles drew;

Nec mirum certe quod narratu,
Discum invenit odoratu ;
Quem primùm oculis inspectans
Et sæpius digitis attractans
Tunc cautè positum in mensa
Declarant unico consensu
Meliorem nunquam hac gallinâ
Abatis coctam in culina:
Nec gustas fallit opinatum
Sic tandem optimè cœnatum.
"Quàm vellem zythi boni haustum
Rogemus dummodo quod faustum,
(Albertus inquit) do instanter
Uxorem Satanæ lubenter,
Ut illam redderit mansuetam,
Ni suspicarer donum spretum."
Alter, "Nil amplius dicendum
Quod cupis statim suppetendum."
Virgam salignam ter quassabat
Ter voce raucâ signum dabat;
Hoc facto, gravia et decora
Ut incantator, fingens ora;
"Ad arcam frumentariam ito
Ampullus et invenies citò
Binas, cervisiâ repletas,
Sic cuncta teneas quod petas."
Albertus facit utì jussum,
Et omnia fiunt ad amussim.

Then first the scholar's health he toasted,
Whase art had gart him feed on roasted;
His father's niest,——and a' the rest
Of his good friends that wish'd him best,
Which were o'er langsome at the time,
In a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus, while the miller and the youth
Were blythly slock'ning of their drowth,
Bess, fretting, scarcely held frae greeting,
The priest inclos'd, stood vex'd and sweating.
"O wow!" said Hab, "if ane might spier,
Dear master James, wha brought our cheer?
Sic laits appear to us sae awfu',
We hardly think your learning lawfu'."
"To bring your doubts to a conclusion,"
Says James, "ken I'm a Rosicrucian;
Ane of the set that never carries
On traffic with black deels or fairies;
There's mony a sp'rit that's no a deel,
That constantly around us wheel.
There was a sage call'd Albumazor,
Whase wit was gleg as ony razor:
Frae this great man we learn'd the skill
To bring these gentry to our will;
And they appear when we've a mind,
In ony shape of human kind:
Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,
I'll gar my Pacolet appear."

Hab fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,
Baith fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view:

Jacobo primum propinare
Qui dedit lautè sic cœnare
Albertus judicat honestum,
Dein patri, reliquis :—molestum
Si brevi fabulâ dicendum
Locutum quid inter bibendum.
  At istis sic dum fabulatum,
Et gratulatum est potatum,
Bella concoquitur furore,
Sacerdos sudat præ timore.
  " O si liceret nunc rogare
Quis cœnam valeat hanc parare
Albertus ait; nam fatendum
Hoc aliquantum est horrendum."
  Alter : " Mysterium quod videtur
Verbis perpaucis exponetur :
Scis denique me Rosæ—crucis
Versatum arte, filium lucis ;
Infernos dolos haud callentem
Sed sacris ritibus pollentem,
Sic bonis Geniis dum versamur
Diabolos abominamur.
Ex Albumazare perspicaci
Ter docto, callido, sagaci,
Nobis quod volumus est datum
A Geniis hisce operatum :
Si Dæmonem nunc vis spectare
Dem verbum, apparebit clarè."
  Albertus nescius dum rideret
Visum plus cuperet an timeret,

At last his courage wan the day,
He to the scholar's will gave way.
  Bessy by this began to smell
A rat, but kept her mind to'r sell:
She pray'd like howdy in her drink,
But meantime tipp'd young James a wink.
James frae his een an answer sent,
Which made the wife right wiel content:
Then turn'd to Hab, and thus advis'd:
" Whate'er you see be nought surpris'd,
But for your saul move not your tongue;
And ready stand with a great rung;
Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,
Be sure to lend him a sound rout:
I bidna this by way of mocking,
For nought delights him mair than knocking."
  Hab got a kent,—stood by the hallan,
And straight the wild mischievous callan
Cries, " Rhadamanthus Husky Mingo,
Monk, Horner, Hipock, Jinko, Jingo,
Appear in likeness of a priest;
No like a deel, in shape of beast,
With gaping chafts to fleg us a':
Wauk forth, the door stands to the wa'."
  Then frae the hole where he was pent,
The priest approach'd right wiel content;
With silent pace strade o'er the floor,
'Till he was drawing near the door,

Audacior paululum fiebat
Nec quod projectum renuebat.
Bella, sinistrum augurata,
Et intus maledicens fata,
Dum ire perditum se putat,
Astutum hospitem annutat;
Et ille clam ostentat ore
Nec planè inimicum fore:
Deinde hortatur sic Albertum,
"Quicquid videbis, esto certum
Te nil officere, paratus
Dum astes fores, obarmatus
Ingenti baculo vel tigno
Quem dabis Dæmoni pro signo;
Nec parcas fortiter pulsare,
Nam hunc delectat vapulare."
Albertus, fusti tunc arrepto,
Stat promptus obsequi præcepto;
Dum alter, "RHADAMANTHE, TUTE,
CUCULLE, MONACHE, CORNUTE,
Assumptâ specie sacerdotis,
Non cacodæmonis, si potes
Des te spectandum; reserantur
En fores: egredi instanter!"
Ex antro minimè invitus
Qua latuit sacerdos citus
Jusso morigerans, ad fores
Graditur nullas nectens moras;

Then to escape the cudgel ran,
But was not miss'd by the gudeman,
Wha lent him on his neck a lounder,
That gart him o'er the threshold founder.
Darkness soon hid him frae their sight;
Ben flew the miller in a fright;
" I trow," quoth he, " I laid wiel on;
But wow he's like our ain Mess John!"

Ad limen tandem cum accessum
Timor acceleravit gressum.
Ast hìc Albertus bene catus,
Et jussum probè recordatus,
Dat mœcho inter fugiendum
Ictum in humeros horrendum:
Evadit nocte jam favente;
Albertus insit tunc repente,
"Ni Dæmonis cognossem rostrum,
Heu! Parochum putassem nostrum!"

PRÆLIUM GILLICRANKIANUM.

CANTILENA.

I.

Grahamius notabilis coegerat Montanos,
Qui clypeis et gladiis fugârunt Anglicanos;
Fugerant Vallicolæ atque Puritani,
Cacavêre Batavi et Cameroniani.

II.

Grahamius mirabilis, fortissimus Alcides,
Cujus regi fuerat intemerata fides;
Agiles Monticolas marte inspiravit,
Et duplicatum numerum hostium profligavit.

III.

Nobilis apparuit Fermilo dumensis,
Cujus in rebelles stringebatur ensis;
Nobilis est sanguine, nobilior virtute,
Regi devotissimus, intus et in cute.

IV.

Pitcurrus heroicus, Hector Scoticanus,
Cui mens fidelis fuerat, et invicta manus;
Capita rebellium is excerebravit,
Hostes unitissimos ense dissipavit.

V.

Glengarius, magnanimus atque bellicosus,
Functus ut Æneas pro Rege animosus,
Fortis atque strenuus, hostes expugnavit,
Sanguine rebellium campos coloravit.

VI.

Surrexerat fideliter Donaldus Insulanus,
Pugnaverat viriliter cum copiis Skyanis;
Pater atque filii non dissimulârunt,
Sed pro Rege proprio unanimi pugnârunt.

VII.

MacLeanius, circumdatus tribu martiali,
Semper devinctissimus Familiæ Regali,
Fortiter pugnaverat, more atavorum,
Deinde dissipaverat turmas Batavorum.

VIII.

Strenuus Lochielius, multa Camerone,
Hostes ense peremit, et Abrio pugione;
Istos et intrepidos orco dedicavit,
Impedimenta hostium Blaro reportavit.

IX.

MacNeillius de Barra, Glencous, Keppochanus,
Bellechius, cum filio, Stuartus Appianus,
Pro Jacobo Septimo fortiter gessêre
Pugiles, fortissimi feliciter vicere.

X.

Canonius clarissimus, Gallovidianus
Acer et indomitus, consilioque sanus,
Ibi dux adfuerat, spectabilis persona;
Nam pro tuenda patria, hunc peperit Bellona.

XI.

Deucalidoni dominum speraverat Gradivus
Nobilis et juvenis, fortis et activus;
Nam cum nativum Principem exulem audiret,
Redit ex Hungaria, ut Regi inserviret.

XII.

Illic et adfuerat tutor Ranaldorum,
Qui strenuè pugnaverat cum copia virorum;
Et ipse Capitaneus, ætate puerili,
Intentus est ad prælia spiritu virili.

XIII.

Glenmoristonus junior, optimus bellator,
Subitò jam factus est optimus venator,
Perduelles Whiggios ut pecora prostravit,
Ense et fulmineo Mackaium fugavit.

XIV.

Regibus et legibus Scotici constantes,
Vos clypeis et gladiis pro Principe pugnantes.—
Vestra est victoria, vestra est et gloria,
In cantu et historia perpes est memoria!

THE

FARMER'S HA',

A

POEM.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norunt
Agricolas! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum, justissima tellus.

VIRG. *Georg.*

SUBJECT OF THE FARMER'S HA'.

Convening of the Servants in the evening, Harvest being previously finished...The various operations going on...The Auld Gudewife; her thrifty superintendence...The Tailor...The Dog and Cat...The Song and Tales...The Chapman...The Gauger...The Beggars...The return of John from the Smithy. His news...Wars and Weddings...The Gudeman appears... Silence ensues...He gives orders about meating the Horse and next day's work...Then comes the Supper; merry chatting after it...Lastly, bed-time, and rising in the morning.

THE FARMER'S HA'.

Thus jocund fleets with them the winter's night.

THOMSON.

I.

In winter nights, whae'er has seen
The farmer's canty Ha' convene,
Finds a' thing there to please his een.
And heart enamour,
Nor langs to see the town, I ween,
That houff o' clamour.

II.

Whan stately stacks are tightly theekit,
And the wide style is fairly steekit,
Nae birkie, sure, save he war streekit
For his lang hame,
But wad gie mair for ae short week o't
Than I can name.

III.

The lasses ay the glowming hail,
For syne the lads come frae the flail,
Or else frae haddin' the plough-tail,
That halesome wark;
Disease about they dinna trail,
Like city spark.

IV.

They a' drive to the ingle cheek,
Regardless of a flan o' reek,
And weil their meikle fingers beek,
To gi'e them tune,
Syne sutors alson nimbly streek,
To mend their shoon.

V.

They pow and rax the lingel tails,
Into their brogs they ca' the nails,
Wi' hammers now, instead o' flails,
They mak' great rackets,
And set about their heels wi' rails
O' clinkin tackets.

VI.

And ay till this mis-thriven age,
The gudeman here sat like a sage;
Wi' mill in hand, and wise adage,
He spent the night:
But now he sits in chamber's cage,
A pridefu' wight.

VII.

The lasses wi' their unshod heels,
Are sittin' at their spinnin'-wheels,
And weel ilk blythsome kemper dreels,
And bows like wand;
The auld gudewife the pirney reels
Wi' tenty hand.

VIII.

The carlin', ay for spinnin bent,
Tells them right aft, they've fa'en ahent,
And that the day is e'en far spent;
Reminds ilk hussey,
And crys, " Ye'll no mak' out your stent,
" Save ye be busy."

IX.

Tib braks, wi' haste, her foot-broad latch;
Megs lights the crusy wi' a match,
Auld luckie bids her mak' dispatch,
And girdle heat,
For she maun yet put out a batch
O' bear and ait.

X.

There's less wark for the girdle now,
Nor was in days of yore, I trow,
Gude scoudered bannocks has nae gou'
To husbandmen;
For o'en wheat-bread dits ilka mou'
That stays the ben'.

XI.

The young gudewife and bairnies a'
Right seenil now look near the ha',
For fear their underlins sud shaw
A cauld neglect:
But pride was never kent to draw
Luve or respect.

XII.

The tailor lad, lang fam'd for fleas,
Sits here and maks and mends the claes;
And vow the swankies like to teaze
Him wi' their mocks,
The women cry, " He's ill to please,"
And crack their jokes.

XIII.

But he's a slee and cunnin' loun,
And taunts again ilk jeerin' clown;
For, tho' no bred in borrows town,
He's wond'rous gabby,
And fouth o' wit comes frae his crown,
Tho' he be shabby.

XIV.

Auld farrant tales he skreeds awa',
And ca's their lear but *clippings* a'.
And bids them gang to *Thimble-ha'*,
Wi' *needle* speed,
And there learn wit without a *flaw*,
Frae the *board*-head.

XV.

Auld luckie says they're in a creel,
And redds them up, I trow, fu' weel,
Cries, " Lasses, occupy your wheel,
" And strait the pin;"
And bids the tailor haste and dreel
Wi' little din.

XVI.

Quo' she, " Ye've meikle need to sew:
" O! times are sairly alter'd now!
" For two-pence was the wage, I trow,
" To ony Scot;
" But now-a-days ye crook your mou',
" To seek a groat."

XVII.

The colly dog lies i' the nook,
The place whilk auld brown birkie took,
And aft toward the door does look,
With aspect crouse;
For unco' fouk he canna brook
Within the house.

XVIII.

Here bawdrins sit, and cocks her head,
And smooths her coat o' nature's weed,
And purs contentedly indeed,
And looks fu' lang,
To see gin fowk be takin heed
To her braw sang.

XIX.

The auld gudewife, wha kens her best,
Behads her wash her face and breast;
Syne honest luckie does protest
That rain we'll hae,
Or on-ding o' some kind at least,
Afore't be day.

XX.

To her remarks lists ilka lass,
And what she says aft comes to pass,
Altho' she has nae *chymic mass*
To weigh the air;
For pussy's grannum's weather-glass
I do declare.

XXI.

Nae sooner has auld luckie done,
Nor Meg cries she'll wad baith her shoon,
That we sall hae weet very soon,
And weather rough;
For she saw round about the moon
A meikle brough.

XXII.

Aft times the canty lilt gaes round,
And ilka face wi' mirth is crown'd,
And whiles they sing in safter sound,
Sic as the swain
Of Yarrow, or, some lover drown'd
In ruthless main.

XXIII.

O! royal tales gae brawly on,
And feats of fowk that's dead and gone;
The *windy* piper sounds his drone,
As weel he can;
And aft they speak o' their Mess John,
That haly man.

XXIV.

They banish hence a' care and dool,
For they were bred at mirthfu' school;
They count how lang it is to Yule,
Wi' pleasure vast;
And tell wha sat the cutty stool
On Sabbath last.

XXV.

The chapman lad, wi' gab sae free,
Comes in and mixes i' the glee,
After he's trampet out the e'e
O' mony dub,
And gotten frae the blast to dree
A hearty drub.

XXVI.

He says he did Auld Reekie ca',
To bring them things to mak' them braw,
And got them free o' crack and flaw,
And patterns rare:
The proverb says, "Fowls far awa'
"Hae feathers fair."

XXVII.

He tells them he's weel sorted now
Of a' thing gude, and cheap, and new
His sleekit speeches pass for true
With ane and a';
The pedlars ken fu' weel the cue
O' Farmer's Ha'.

XXVIII.

He hads his trinkets to the light,
And speirs what they're to buy the-night;
Syne a' the lasses loup bawk height
Wi' perfect joy,
'Cause lads for them coff broach sae bright,
Or shining toy.

XXIX.

They finger at the trantlims lang,
But whan they're bargaining right thrang,
In does the gauger quickly bang,
Wi' visage awfu',
In quest o' some forbidden fang,
Or goods unlawfu'.

XXX.

He says, his information's close,
And bids them therefore no be cross,
Or else they'll find it to their loss,
And skaith nae sma',
For he'll their doors to flinders toss,
And stand the law.

XXXI.

Ben the gudeman comes wi' a spang,
And says, " *Ye're short to be sae lang*,
" But think-nae, billy, ye're to dwang
" Fowk wi' a sham,
" For save ye shaw your warrant, gang
" The gate ye cam'."

XXXII.

Wi' birr he bangs his paper out,
And thinks his point ayont a doubt.
To ilka hirn he tak's his rout,
(For he's nae fae)
And gangs just stavering about
In quest o' prey.

XXXIII.

After he's rais'd a needless reek,
Syne he begins to grow mair meek,
For he meets wi' a great begeek
Frae empty binks,
Sae wi' his finger in his cheek,
Awa' he slinks.

XXXIV.

The gauger's scarcely frae the door,
Whan beggars they come in gelore,
Wi' wallops flapping in great store,
Rais'd up in cairns,
And birns baith a-hint and 'fore
O' greetin' bairns.

XXXV.

The auld anes raise a whinging tone,
And sigh and sob, and cry, Ohon!
Syne blessings come wi' mony drone,
Frae man and wife,
Wha to their childer seek a scone,
To succour life.

XXXVI.

Quo' they, " We're trachled unco sair,
" We've gane twal mile o' yerd and mair,
" The gate was ill, our feet war bare,
" The night is weety,
" And gin ye quarters hae to spare,
" O shaw your pity!"

XXXVII.

The lasses yamour frae their wheel,
" There's mony a sturdy gangril chiel
" That might be winnin' meat fu' weel,
" An' claes an' a',
" Ye're just fit to mak' muck o' meal,
" Sae swith awa'."

XXXVIII.

Auld luckie cries; " Ye're o'er ill set,
" As ye'd hae measure, ye sud met;
" Ye ken-nae what may be your fate
" In after days,
" The black cow has nae trampet yet
" Upo' your taes.

XXXIX.

" G'ie o'er your daft and taunting play,
" For you and they are baith ae clay:
" *Rob* tak' them to the barn, I say,
" And gi'e them strae,
" There let them rest till it be day,
" And syne they'll gae."

XL.

Whan John, the head ploughman, comes in,
They mak' a loud and joyfu' din,
For ilka heart is rais'd a pin,
And mair, I trow,
And in a trice they round him rin,
To get what's new.

XLI.

O wat ye whare the lad has been,
That they're sae happy ilka ane?
Nae far aff journey, as I ween,
For ploy sae rare;
But, reader, ye shall ken bedeen
The hale affair.

XLII.

As he was wurking lang and strang,
And fallowin wi' pith an bang,
The couter o' the pleugh gaed wrang,
(A' thing maun wear,)
Syne he did to the smithy gang,
To mend the gear.

XLIII.

This is the houff of ane and a',
And mony ane does *even* draw,
Altho' they hae but errand sma'
To tak' them there;
Some gang to hear, and some to shaw
Their rustic lear.

XLIV.

They tell news here of a kin' kind,
In pithy words as e'er were coin'd,
Sic as beseem the untaught mind,
And nature plain,
Sic as the heart will sooner find,
Than speeches vain.

XLV.

O' John's return spak ilka nook,
They aft gaed to the door to look;
For they were on the tenter-hook,
For smithy chat;
And now, I trow, like printed book,
He gies them that.

XLVI.

He thus begins, " What's this ava',
" There's sad wark in America,
" For fowk there dinna keep the law,
" And wad be free,
" Nor o' King George stand ony awe,
" Nor taxes gie.

XLVII.

" They say we're listing heaps indeed,
" And shipping them awa wi' speed,
" And vow I fear there's mickle need;
" By what I hear,
" The rebels hae made unco' head,
" Within this year.

XLVIII.

" The smith thinks they hae play'd a trick,
" Sin we o' time did miss the nick,
" But now, let us our winning lick,
" (He cry'd in pet,)
" And said, Fowk sud the iron strike,
" Ay whan it's het.

XLIX.

" I wish our fowk soon hame again,
" And no to dander 'yont the main,
" Because I dread the king o' Spain,
" And wily France,
" Will seek the thing that's no their ain,
" And lead's a dance.

L.

" I wat o' cunning they're no lame,
" And they wad think it a braw scheme,
" Whan our men's far awa' frae hame,
" Mischief to ettle;
" At ither times we'd mak' them tame,
" And cool their mettle.

LI.

" But I'll hae done wi' foreign lands,
" And mind the thing that's nearer hands;
" On Friday next a bridal stands
" At the Kirk-town,
" The bridegroom gae me great commands
" To bring ye down."

LII.

Quo' Meg and Kate, " We'll keep the town,
" We're laying up to buy a gown."
" Howt fy! (quo' Jock, that blythesome lown)
" O binna thrawin,
" For Rob and I shall dossy down
" Your dinner-lawin.

LIII.

" As bairns blythe wha get the play,
" I trow we'll hae a merry day,
" And I'm to be the *Alikay*
" At Kirk-town ha':
" Mind, Sirs, put on your best array,
" And let's be braw.

LIV.

" O lasses! ye's get *favours* fair,
" And *sweethearts* may be ye'll get there,
" We'll hae a day o' dancing rare,
" Just in a trice;
" But mind, ye're soals ye mannae spare,
" Nor yet be nice.

LV.

" Gin ye wad thole to hear a friend,
" Tak tent, and no wi' strunts offend,
" I've seen queans dink and neatly prin'd,
" Frae tap to middle,
" Looking just like the far aff end
" Of an auld fiddle."

LVI.

Wow but they a' tak wond'rous tent,
Till Johnie's budget is quite spent,
And syne baith ane and a' are bent,
To tell their minds;
Then comes the various comment,
Frae honest hinds.

LVII.

Nature, unhurt by thrawart man,
And nae margullied by chicane,
I trow, fu' doughtily she can
Shaw reason's power;
Sure *fause* philosophy began
In hapless hour.

LVIII.

Now the gudeman comes ben the house,
Whilk o' their gabbin mak's a truce,
The lads and lasses a' grow douse,
And spare their din;
For true's the tale, "Weel kens the mouse
"When pussie's in!"

LIX.

And syne he does his orders gie,
And says, "Ye'll busy need to be,
"The fallowin yon field, I see,
"Tak's unco force:
"But gae awa' e'now (quo' he)
"And meat the horse."

LX.

While I descrive this happy spot,
The supper mannae be forgot,
Now lasses round the ingle trot,
To mak' the brose,
And swankies they link aff the pot,
To hain their joes.

LXI.

The dishes set on unspread table,
To answer nature's wants are able,
'Round caps and plates, the cutties sable
Are flung ding dang:
The lads and lasses to enable
Their wames to pang.

LXII.

They a' thrang round the lang board now,
Whare there is meat for ilka mou',
Hiremen their hats and bonnets pu'
Upo' their face,
But gentle folks think shame to bow,
Or say a grace.

LXIII.

O here are joys uninterrup'
Far hence is pleasure's gangrene cup;
Clear-blooded health tends ilka sup
O simple diet;
But flees awa' frae *keeping't up*,
And midnight riot.

LXIV.

Whan supper's o'er, and thanks are gi'en,
Mirth dances round wi' canty mien,
In daffin', and in gabbin keen,
An hour they pass;
And ilka lad, wi' pauky een,
Looks at his lass.

LXV.

But Morpheus begins to chap,
And bids them a' gae tak' a nap;
And whan they've sleepit like a' tap,
They rise to wark,
Like Phœbus out o' Thetis' lap,
As blyth's a lark.

An elegant translation of this entertaining description of the manners of Scotish peasants, into the language of Virgil's Georgics, would afford an excellent subject for the exertions of genius, by some young classical scholar.

THE

WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY.

AN ANCIENT SCOTISH POEM.

WITH

A TRANSLATION INTO LATIN RHYME.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.

PERSIUS.

PREFACE.

About six months ago, a small publication appeared at Edinburgh, entitled, *Carminum Rariorum Macaronicorum Delectus, in Usum Ludorum Apollinarium. Fasciculus secundus.* That celebrated, though now very scarce Poem, the Wife of Auchtermuchty, was one of the articles which this fasciculus contained. The Editor, in a note at the beginning of it, made the following observation.

"It is much to be feared that the beauties of this excellent poem will be lost to modern readers, as the ancient Scotish dialect in which it is written is now not without difficulty understood even by the antiquarian. By an elegant translation into the Latin language, the beauties of this poem would be preserved to latest posterity. It is therefore much to be wished, that some classical scholar would do the same honour to this as has lately been done to some other Scotish poems."

A few weeks after this notice appeared, the Latin translation, now presented to the public, was sent to the Scriba Prætorius for the celebration of the Ludi Apollinares, inclosed in the following Latin letter.

SCRIBÆ PRÆTORIO CONVENTUS GYMNASTICI EDINENSIS,

S.

PERLEGI, vir erudite, summâ cum voluptate, Fasciculos duos quos edidisti *Carminum Rariorum Macaronicorum.* Nil, me judice, in rebus humanis, solitove vitæ consortio jucundius, ne dicam utilius, quàm studia graviora, et ea munera in quibus ritè fungendis hominis probi constat officium, jocis interdum lenire, et horas paucas subsecivas, aut hilari et festivo consortio, aut genii ludicri modicâ indulgentiâ demulcere. Quàm sint utilia, immo necessaria hujusmodi oblectamenta, ipsemet sum expertus, qui nec paucis nec levibus implicitus negotiis, ni pauxillum temporis surripere licuisset ad vires animi reficiendas, prorsus succumberem. Quamobrem nec me pœnitet omnino, nec pudet, animi causâ, nec non ut voto tuo, vir erudite, obsequerer, cantilenam hancce antiquam *, opusculum suo genere planè egregium, versu Latino, ut cupiisti, et metrico rythmo vestiisse. Si tibi, tuique similibus, viris cordatis, placuerint hi versus, quid de hisce nugis censeat morosum et vapidum genus hominum, qui nil sapiunt facetiarum, non multùm morabor. Vale et lætare †.

---

* The Wife of Auchtermuchty.

† An attentive perusal of this elegant letter is earnestly recommended to those medical practitioners who are anxious to preserve the health, and promote the happiness of themselves and others.

THE Scriba Prætorius is directed by the Gymnasiarchus Magnificus, Pontifex Maximus, Archi-Laureatus, Prætor Honoratus, and other officers of the Gymnastic Club, to request that the anonymous Author who has thus, with so much credit to himself, fulfilled their wish, would take any method he may think most advisable of informing them to whom they are indebted for a translation which, in their opinion, from its justness, its elegance, and its spirit, would do no discredit to any Latin scholar even of the highest reputation.

This Poem would have made the first part of a Third Fasciculus of Macaronics, which the Scriba Prætorius is now preparing for the press: But, from different considerations, he has determined that this Third Fasciculus shall not be published for some years to come, and he was unwilling to withhold from readers possessing elegant classical taste, till a period which is yet, perhaps, distant, that gratification which they cannot fail to derive from a careful perusal of the following translation.

Edinburgh, April 8, 1803.

In consequence of this notice, the Author of the preceding letter not only communicated his name to the Scriba Prætorius, but even gave reason to hope, that he might contribute to future Fasciculi. Of this assistance, however, they are probably for ever deprived, by his sincerely lamented death.

January 14, 1813.

THE

WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY.

I

In Auchtermuchty dwelt a man,
An husband, as I heard it tald,
Quha weil could tipple out a can,
And nowther luvit hunger nor cauld;
Till anes it fell upon a day
He zokit his plewch upon the plain;
But schort the storm wad let him stay,
Sair blew the day with wind and rain.

II.

He lows'd the plewch at the land's end,
And drave his owsen hame at ene;
Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,
And saw his wife baith dry and clene,
Set beikand by a fire full bauld,
Suppand fat soup, as I heard say:
The man being weary, wet, and cauld,
Betwein thir twa it was nae play.

MATRONA AUCHTERMUCHTIENSIS.

I.

In Auchtermuchtia notatur
Vixisse quondam homo gnavus,
Maritus, optimus potator,
Inediæ, sitis, hostis gravis.
Huncce, dum solito labore
Aratrum bobus exercebat,
Compulsum hyemis rigore,
Tempestas domum reducebat.

II.

Solvebat boves ante horam
Consuetam hic, defessus multùm,
Et sedes repetens, uxorem
Invenit lautam, comptam, cultam,
Hic frigens, torpens, dum videret
Ad focum conjugem sedentem,
Quæ pingue jusculum sorberet,
Nil mirum visus turbat mentem.

III.

Quod he, " Quhair is my horses corn ?
" My owsen has nae hay nor strae ;
" Dame, ze maun to the plewch the morn,
" I sall be hussy gif I may.
" This seid-time it proves cauld and bad,
" And ze sit warm, nae troubles se ;
" The morn ze sall gae wi' the lad,
" And syne ziel ken what drinkers drie."

IV.

" Gudeman," quod scho, " content am I,
" To tak the plewch my day about,
" Sae ze rule weil the kaves and ky,
" And all the house baith in and out:
" And now sen ze haif made the law,
" Then gyde all richt, and do not break ;
" They sicker raid that neir did faw ;
" Therefore let naething be neglect.

V.

" But sen ye will hussyskep ken,
" First ze maun sift and syne sall kned ;
" And ay as ye gang butt and ben,
" Luke that the bairns dryt not the bed:
" And lay a saft wysp to the kiln,
" We haif a dear farm on our heid:
" And ay as ze gang forth and in,
" Keip weil the gaislings frae the gled."

III.

" I, profer," dixit, " huc avenas;
" Fac bovibus frumenta promi;
" Uxor, tu mane duc habenas,
" Dum ego domina sim domi.
" Tempestas horrido rigore
" Curarum penitus expertem,
" Dum ego maceror labore,
" Te nil offendit hîc inertem."

IV.

" Pactum conventum sit hinc inde,"
Respondet uxor, datâ dextrâ;
" Tu vaccas, vitulas, subinde
" Et ædes cures, intus, extra.
" Per vices, indies sit actum:
" Nostrum sulcare manè glebam;
" Tu quod sanxisti serva pactum,
" Et opus age quod solebam.

V.

" Interea, ut sis aptus arti,
" Terendum primò, tunc pinsandum;
" Et quum infantes probè farti,
" Ne lectum polluant curandum.
" Cautè accendas tunc fornacem;
" Sit frugi quicquid ordinetur;
" Caveto milvium rapacem
" Anserculos ne deprædetur."

VI.

The *Wyfe* was up rich late ate ene,
I pray luke gif her ill to fare,
Scho kirn'd the kirn, and skumt it clene,
Left the Gudeman but bladoch bare:
Then in the morning up scho gat,
And on hir heart laid her disjune,
And pat as meikle in hir lap,
As micht haif serd them baith at nune.

VII.

Says, *Jok*, be thou maister of wark,
And thou sall had, and I sall ka;
Ise promise thee a gude new sark,
Either of round claith or of sma.
Scho lowst the owsen aught or nyne,
And hynt a gad staff in her hand:
Up the *Gudeman* raise after syne,
And saw the *Wyfe* had done command.

VIII.

He draif the gaislings forth to faid;
Thair was but sevensum of them aw,
And by thair comes the greidy gled,
And lickt up five, left him but twa;
Then out he ran in all his mane,
How soon he hard the gaislings cry;
But than ere he came in again,
The kaves brak louse and suckt the ky.

VI.

Nocte dum altâ occupatur,
(Sit omen, precor, maledictum),
Butyro cautè lac fraudatur,
Tantum oxygalum relictum.
Tunc multo mane experrecta,
Opsonia lauta ipsa capit;
Jentaculo optimè refecta,
Duplum pro prandio secum rapit.

VII.

Et puerum sic allocuta,
"*Jock*, Boves agam, Tu arato;
"Indusia nova sit tributa;
"Tu pulchrum præmium reportato."
Accingit se ad opus citò,
Bobus adjunctis, fustem nacta;
Dum experrecto jam marito,
Videntur jussa satisfacta.

VIII.

Imprimus gnaviter ad pastum
Educit pullos anserinos;
At milvius irruens confestim,
Ex septem hic reliquit binos.
Ast anserinum cùm clamorem
Audivit, extrà fugit statim;
Dum vituli, secundum morem,
Vaccas exsugillant affatim.

IX.

The kaves and ky met in the loan,
The man ran with a rung to red,
Than by came an ill-willy roan,
And brodit his buttocks till they bled.
Syne up he tuke a rok of tow,
And he sat down to sey the spinning;
He loutit down our near the low,
Quod he, "This wark has ill beginning."

X.

The leam up throu the lum did flow,
The sute tuke fyre, it fleyd him than;
Some lumps did fall and burn his pow;
I wat he was a dirty man:
Zit ye gat water in a pan,
Quhairwith he sloken'd out the fyre:
To soup the house he syne began;
To had all richt was his desyre.

XI.

Hynd to the kirn then did he stoure,
And jumblit at it till he swat,
Quhen he had rumblit a full lang hour,
The sorrow crap of butter he gat;
Albeit nae butter he could get,
Zit he was cummert with the kirn,
And syne he het the milk sae het,
That ill a spark of it wad zyrne.

IX.

In angiportu gens bovina
  Congreditur incontinenter;
Fustem prendenti, vi ferinâ
  Bos nates fodicat cruenter.
Tunc colo, fuso, trahens stamen,
  Artem ediscat ut netricem,
Flammæ corripiunt: hoc certamen
  Sortitur finem infelicem!

X.

Flamma caminum invadebat;
  Accensa statim fit fuligo,
Et caput, cadens obruebat;
  Quin prava, certè hæc vertigo!
Labore plurimo, suppressit
  Aquis incendium hocce dirum;
Ædes purgare nunc facessit,
  Ut strenuum præ se ferat virum.

XI.

Nunc opus lactis peragendum;
  Oportet fiat nunc butyrum:
Labor inanis! (O deflendum)
  Butyrum deficit—nil mirum.
Desudet quanquam, hunc laborem
  Alio permutat: lac prematur—
En exitum adhuc pejorem!
  Nam nimis coctum non spissatur.

XII.

Then ben thair cam a greedy sow,
  I trow he cund hir little thank;
For in scho shot hir meikle mow,
  And ay scho winkit, and scho drank.
He tuke the kirnstaff be the schank,
  And thocht to reik the sow a rout,
The twa left gaislings gat a clank.
  That straik dang baith thair harnis out.

XIII.

Then he bure kendling to the kiln,
  But scho start all up in a low;
Quhateir he heard, quhateir he saw,
  That day he had nae will to do.
Then he zied to tak up the bairns,
  Thocht to have fund them fair and clene,
The first that he gat in his arms,
  Was a bedirten to the een.

XIV.

The first it smellt sae sappylie,
  To touch the lave he did not grein:
"The deil cut aff thair hands," quoth he,
  "That cram'd zour kytes sae straite zestrein."
He traild the foul sheits down the gate,
  Thocht to have wush them on a stane;
The burn was risen grit of spait,
  Awa frae him the sheits has tane.

XII.

Tunc fœda porca ingruebat,
Et optimum olfaciens potum,
In ollam rostrum inserebat,
Et nictans, nutans, sorbet totum.
Immundam bestiam coercet
Et ictu baculi fugavit;
Plaga, quos milvius perpercit,
Anserculos excerebravit.

XIII.

Carbone quamvis cautè gesto,
Fornax incendio ruinatur:
Quicquid nunc agitur ab isto,
Certè nil ludum meditatur.
Infantum pergit ad grabatum,
Heu stultè credens purum putum;
Deprendit unum concacatum,
Merdâ ad oculos imbutum.

XIV.

Odore nares suffocantur;
Primus a reliquis abarcet:—
" Huic precor ilia rumpantur
" Quæ ventres sic abundè farsit!"
Merdosa lintea ut lavaret,
Ad rivum impiger trahebat;
At gurges, ista dum purgaret,
Ex imbre tumens, auferebat.

XV.

Then up he gat on a know heid,
  On hir to cry, on hir to schout;
Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
  But stoutly steird the stots about.
Scho draif the day unto the nicht,
  Scho lowst the plewch, and syne cam hame;
Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt;
  I trow the man thocht meikle schame.

XVI.

Quod he, " My office I forsake,
  " For all the hale days of my lyfe;
" For I wald put a house to wraik,
  " Had I been twenty days Gudewyfe."
Quod scho, " Weil mot ze bruke your place,
  " For truly I sall neir accept it:"
Quod he, " Feynd fa the lyar's face,
  " Bat zit ze may be blyth to get it."

XVII.

Then up scho gat a meikle rung;
  And the Gudemau made to the door,
Quod he, " Dame, I sall hald my tung,
  " For an we fecht I'll get the war:"
Quod he, " When I forsuke my plewch,
  " I trow I but forsuke my skill:
" Then I will to my plewch again;
  " For I and this house will nevir do weil."

XV.

Tot mala passus, tandem cessit;
  Clamorem tollit tunc dementis;
Exaudiit uxor—nil recessit,
  Perfecta donec sit sementis.
Ad noctem usque laboratum;
  Tunc boves solvens reducebat.—
In pejus omne est mutatum;
  Suscepti sanè hunc pigebat.

XVI.

"Dî dent me, precor, in futurum
  "A tali munere solutum;
"Nam, me regente, ruituram
  "Familiam, peream ni putem."
At illa—"Munus obeundum
  "Quod ambiisti; nam detrecto."—
Ille,—"Quid stultè renuendum?
  "Grato sis animo, profectò."

XVII.

Correpto baculo repentè
  Vibrabat sponsi in cervicem;
Ad ostium fugit hic, nîl lentè,
  Agnoscens conjugem victricem.
"Certè insigniter erratum;
  "Dehinc, aremus in æternum;
"Dî ulciscantur hoc peccatum,
  "Quum munus captem tam infernum!"

VIRI HUMANI, SALSI ET FACETI,

GULIELMI SUTHERLANDI,

MULTARUM ARTIUM ET SCIENTIARUM DOCTORIS DOCTISSIMI,

DIPLOMA*.

Ubique gentium et terrarum,
From Sutherland to Padanarum,
From those who have six months of day,
Ad caput usque Bonæ Spei,
And farther yet, *si forte tendat,*
Ne ignorantium quis prætendat,—
We, Doctors of the Merry Meeting,
To all and sundry do send greeting,
Ut omnes habeant compertum,
Per hanc præsentem nostram chartam,
Gulielmum Sutherlandum Scotum,
At home *per nomen Bogsie notum,*
Who studied stoutly at our College,
And gave good specimens of knowledge,
In multis artibus versatum,
Nunc factum esse doctoratum.

---

* This Diploma was written by William Meston, A. M. who was Professor of Philosophy in the Marischal College, Aberdeen, about the beginning of the last century. It has been published in different editions of his poetical works, which are now, however, very rarely to be met with in the shops of the booksellers.

Quoth Preses, *Strictum post examen,*
Nunc esto Doctor; we said, *Amen.*
So to you all *hunc commendamus,*
Ut juvenem quem nos amamus,
Qui multas habet qualitates,
To please all humours and *ætates.*
He vies, if sober, with Duns Scotus,
Sed multo magis si sit potus.
In disputando just as keen as
Calvin, John Knox, or Tom Aquinas.
In every question of theology,
Versatus multum in trickology;
Et in catalogis librorum
Frazer could never stand before him;
For he, by page and leaf, can quote
More books than Solomon ere wrote.
A lover of the mathematics
He is, but hates the hydrostatics,
Because he thinks it a cold study,
To deal in water clear or muddy.
Doctissimus est medicinæ,
Almost as Boerhaave or Bellini.
He thinks the diet of Cornaro,
In meat and drink too scrimp and narrow,
And that the rules of Leonard Lessius,
Are good for nothing but to stress us.
By solid arguments and keen
He has confuted Dr Cheyne,
And clearly prov'd by demonstration,
That claret is a good collation,

Sanis et ægris always better
Than coffee, tea, or milk and water;
That cheerful company, *cum risu*,
Cum vino forti, suavi visu,
Gustatu dulci, still has been
A cure for hyppo and the spleen;
That hen and capon, *vervecina*,
Beef, duck, and pasties, *cum ferina*,
Are good stomachics, and the best
Of cordials, *probatum est*.
He knows the symptoms of the phthisis,
Et per salivam sees diseases,
And can discover *in urina*,
Quando sit opus medicina.
A good French nightcap still has been,
He says, a proper anodyne,
Better than laudanum or poppy,
Ut dormiamus like a toppy,
Affirmat lusum alearum,
Medicamentum esse clarum,
Or else a touch at three-hand ombre
When toil or care our spirits cumber,
Which graft wings on our hours of leisure,
And make them fly with ease and pleasure.
Aucupium et venationem,
Post longam nimis potationem,
He has discover'd to be good
Both for the stomach and the blood,
As frequent exercise and travel,
Are good against the gout and gravel.

He clearly proves the cause of death
Is nothing but the want of breath,
And that indeed is a disaster,
When 'tis occasioned by a plaster
Of hemp and pitch, laid closely on
Somewhat above the collar-bone.
Well does he know the proper doses
Which will prevent the fall of noses.
E'en keep them, *qui privantur illis,*
Ægrè utuntur conspicillis.
To this, and ten times more, his skill
Extends when he could cure or kill.
Immensam cognitionem legum
Ne prorsus hic silentio tegam
Cum sociis artis, grease his fist,
Torquebat illas as you list;
If laws for bribes are made, 'tis plain,
They may be bought and sold again;
Spectando auram now we find
That Madam Justice is stone-blind,
So deaf and dull in both her ears,
The clink of gold she only hears;
Nought else but a loud party shout
Will make her start or look about.
His other talents to rehearse,
Brevissimè in prose or verse,
To tell how gracefully he dances,
And artfully contrives romances;
How well he arches, and shoots flying,
(Let no man think that we mean lying,)

How well he fences, rides, and sings,
And does ten thousand other things;
Allow a line, nay, but a comma,
To each, *turgeret hoc diploma;*
Quare, ut tandem concludamus,
Qui brevitatem approbamus,
(For brevity is always good,
Providing we be understood),
In rerum omnium naturis,
Non minus quam scientia juris
Et medicinæ, Doctoratum
Bogsæum novimus versatum;
Nor shall we here say more about him,
But you may dacker, if you doubt him.
Addamus tamen hoc tantillum,
Duntaxat nostrum hoc sigillum,
Huic testimonio appensum,
Ad confirmandum ejus sensum,
Junctis chirographis cunctorum,
Blyth, honest, hearty, *sociorum.*
Dabamus at a large punch-bowl,
Within our proper common school,
The twenty-sixth day of November,
Ten years, the date we may remember,
After the race of Sheriffmuir,
(Scotsmen will count from a black hour.)
Ab omni probo nunc signetur,
Qui denegahit extrudetur.

FORMULA GRADUS DANDI.

Eadem nos auctoritate,
Reges memoriæ beatæ,
Pontifices et Papæ læti,
Nam alii sunt a nobis spreti,
Quam quondam nobis indulserunt,
Quæ privilegia semper erunt,
Collegio nostro safe and sound,
As long's the earth and cups go round.
Te Bogsæum hic creamus,
Statuimus et proclamamus,
Artium Magistrum et Doctorem,
Si libet etiam Professorem;
Tibique damus postestatem
Potandi ad hilaritatem,
Ludendi porro et jocandi,
Et mæstos vino medicandi
Ad risum etiam fabulandi;
In promissionis tuæ signum,
Caput, honore tanto dignum,
Hoc cyatho condecoramus *,
Ut tibi felix sit oramus;
Præterea in manum damus
Hunc calicem, ex quo potamus,

---

* Here he was crowned with the punch-bowl.

Spumantem generoso vino,
Ut bibas more Palatino.
Sir, pull it off, and on your thumb
Cernamus supernaculum,
Ut specimen ingenii
Post studia decennii.

[While he is drinking, the chorus sings]

En calicem spumantem,
Falerni epotantem;
En calicem spumantem,
Io, io, io.

[After he has drunk, and turned the glass on his thumb, they embrace him, and sing again]

Laudamus hunc Doctorem,
Et fidum compotorem,
Laudamus hunc Doctorem.
Io, io, io.

EPITAPH

ON A

CELEBRATED PROFESSOR OF MIDWIFERY,

Who, after having faithfully discharged the most important duties of a Married Man for near half a century, died childless.

MEMORIÆ
X. Y.
In Academia Edinburgena
Artis obstetricæ quondam Professoris,

Qui
Lucinam sine Venere,
Venerem sine Lucina,
Coluit:

Filios post mille
Reipublicæ datos,
Eheu!
Sine Liberis decessit.

Bella inter intestina
Manu forti,
Sed sine Marte,
Liberatoris
Nomen adeptus est.

Respicite Matres,
Prospicite Virgines,
et lugete!

EPITAPH

ON A

DISCORDANT COUPLE,

LONG NOTED FOR FAMILY FEUDS.

UNDERNEATH this stone do lie,
Back to back, my Wife and I:
More blest than when, through life's short race,
We lay, like others, face to face.
Now free from quarrels, free from fear,
Though she should scold,—I cannot hear.
When the last trump the air shall fill,
If She shall rise,—I'll e'en lie still *.

---

* This, and the preceding epitaph, have never, we believe, been before printed. They are said to have been written by two brothers, highly esteemed by all who have the happiness of being acquainted with them, for genius, taste, wit, and eloquence; and who are at present very generally allowed to be the brightest ornaments, the elder of the Scotish, and the younger of the English bar.

Jan. 1, 1801.

Of the talents of both these ornaments of the British bar it is now unfortunately deprived.

Jan. 1, 1813.

EPITAPH

ON

Mr NICHOLAS VILANT,

A French Protestant Refugee, who lived to the age of One Hundred and Six, and who was, in many particulars, a remarkable character.

Alma dedit cunas mihi mater Gallia; sponsam
Scotia fœcundam, hospita fida, dedit:
Sexaginta et sex cœlebs! denos quatuor annos
Sponsus eram, genui pignora bina quater
Sobrietas, morbos, et in ipsa morte, fugavit;
Ut morbus, sic mors, ipsa senecta fuit.
Castus amor, candor, pietas, mens sobria, prudens,
En justas exuvias hîc posuêre suas *.

---

* These lines were written about the end of the seventeenth century, by Mr Vilant, then Principal of St Mary's College, in the University of St Andrew's, the youngest son of the venerable old man whose character they describe, and of whom some account is given by Sir John Sinclair in his Code of Health and Longevity.

EPITAPH

Intended for the Tomb-stone of that celebrated Philosopher, DR FRANKLIN, *written by himself, when Printer in Boston, and published in a Newspaper which he conducted in that City.*

The body of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer,
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents worn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,
Lies here food for the worms.

Yet the work shall not be lost,
For it shall, as he believed, appear once more,
In a new
And most beautiful edition,
Corrected and revised
By the Author.

IF the city of Boston, at the Public expence, were to erect a monument to the memory of Franklin, with the above inscription, it would be honourable both to themselves and their great Citizen.

EPITAPH

ON

DAVID DOEG, LL. D.

Written by himself, and engraved on a Monument erected to his Memory after his death, in the Church of Stirling, at the public expence.

Fui
DAVID DOEG,
Scholæ Latinæ apud Sterlinenses,
Per XL annos Præpositus.

Edidici quædam, perlegi plura, notavi
Paucula; cum Domino mox peritura suo.
Lubrica Pieriæ captabam præmia palmæ,
Credulus, ingenio heu nimis alta meo!
Extincto, famam ruituro crescere saxo,
Posse putem, vivo, quæ mihi nulla fuit?
Non omnis moriar; ridebit munus inane,
Carminis ac tumulti, spiritus alta petens.

Multum desiderato suo ludimagistro,
nuper extincto,
nunquam non memorando,
Civitas Sterlinensis L. M. P.

Obiit XVII Kal. April. A. D. M,DCCC.
et ætatis LXXXII.

EPITAPH

ON THE TOMBSTONE OF

DR ARCHIBALD PITCAIRNE,

In the Greyfriars Church-yard at Edinburgh.

Here lies
DR ARCHIBALD PITCAIRNE,
Who died the 26th of October 1713.

Ecce mathematicum, vatem, medicumque, sophumque,
Pitcarnum magnum hæc urnula parva tenet:
Ergo vale lux Scotigenum, princepsque medentum
Musarum columen deliciæque, vale.

Sodalitas Edinburgena Filiorum Æsculapii,
Anno 1772 instituta,
Hoc monumentum reficiendum curabat,
Prid. Id. Junii 1800.
Præside Alexandro Wood, Col. Reg. Chir. Dec. Em.
Andrea Duncan, M. D. & P. a Secretis.

An account of the circumstances which led to the reparation of this monument, will be found in the 5th Volume of the Annals of Medicine, published at Edinburgh, 1801.

EPITAPH

ON A JUSTLY CELEBRATED SCHOOLMASTER.

Memoriæ sacrum
GULIELMI COLDSTREAM,
Apud Dunblanenses per XLIII Annos,
Ludimagistri fidelis ac periti.
Ergo jaces Gulielme!
Nec moestae Familiæ Dolor
Te solum decorat.
En! hocce Monumentum
Lubentur tui statuerunt Discipuli
Vitæ bene actæ Tenorem commemorans.
In te lucebant, juventæ etiam pergrata,
Morum Innocentia, Comitas, Facetiæ,
Ac benefaciendi, quoad poteras,
Sitis assidua.
Te tandem Senio pene confectum,
At meliora modeste sperantem,
Inter tuorum Lacrymas,
Atque Vicinorum desideria,
Levis extinxit Febris,
XII Cal. Januar. M,DCC,LXXXVII.
Quoniam Tempus fugit ac imputatur,
Ite, vos olim Discipuli,
Ac Magistrum Utilitate, Industria,
Felicisque Animi Tranquillitate,
Si possitis, imitamini.

The above epitaph is in the Church of Dumblane, a small repaired portion of the ancient cathedral, all the rest of which is now in ruins. Mr Coldstream's scholars were justly celebrated for their classical knowledge, and the above epitaph will be considered by men of taste and learning as no bad specimen.

EPITAPH

ON A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR AND WORTHY MAN.

In hoc sepulchro conduntur exuviæ
GULIELMI TYTLER DE WOODHOUSELEE,
Nat. XII. Oct. 1711, Mort. XII. Sept. M,DCC,XCII.
Viri probi, spectatissimi,
Ingenii, exculti, varii, felicis,
Et in veritate historica indaganda,
Ut scripta testantur
Apprime sagacis:
Cujus animi virtutes civium amor,
Per integrum vitæ spatium committatur,
Vita functum summo desiderio
Est prosecutus.

Juxta cineres Conjugis suæ amatæ,
ANNÆ CRAIG,
Animæ innocentissime, piæ, pudicæ,
Quæ comitas,
Quæ morum sanctitas,
In liberorum acerbis funeribus
Ipso juventæ flore obreptorum,
Quanta constantia!
Patri optimo, Matri carissimæ,
H. L. P. Filius.

The above epitaph of Mr Tytler, the celebrated author of the Vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots, and of several other learned works, particularly on ancient Scotish music, has been admired by many for the elegance of the language; while, at the same time, in the opinion of all who had the happiness of knowing Mr Tytler and his wife, it conveys to posterity a just character of a worthy couple.

EPITAPH

ON THE CELEBRATED

COLIN MACLAURIN,

Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh.

Infra situs est
COLIN MACLAURIN,
Matheseos olim in Acad. Edin. Prof.
Electus ipso Newtono suadente.
H. L. P. F.

Non ut nomini paterno consulat,
Nam tali auxilio nil eget,
Sed ut in hoc infelici campo,
Ubi luctus regnant, et pavor,
Mortalibus prorsus non absit solatium,
Hujus enim scripta evolve,
Mentemque tantarum rerum capacem,
Corpore caduco superstitem crede.

Mr Maclaurin's epitaph has attracted the notice, and obtained the approbation of many excellent classical scholars. It was written by his son, the late Lord Dreghorn. But it is said to have been in some particulars improved by corrections of the late celebrated Dr S. Johnson.—Vide Boswell's Life of Johnson.

EPITAPH

ON AN

INGENIOUS YOUNG MAN,

Superintendent of the Royal Botanical Garden at Edinburgh, who died at an early period of life, much regretted.

Sacrum memoriæ
JOANNIS MACKAY,
Qui
XVIII Cal. Maii
anno post Christum natum M,DCCC,II,
viginti novem annos natus,
diem defletus obiit supremum
mortalitate quidem expleta,
at nondum multiferæ Naturæ amœnitatum studio.
Quique
Vivus
ut ingenii bonitate, suâ modestiâ, morumque suavitate,
erat amicis unice carus;
sic hortensias FLORÆ deliciolas,
et rurigenam prolem,
tam indefesso pernoscendi ardore,
quam rarâ discernendi disponendique peritia,
Florilegis, Herbariisque acceptus.
Posuit Frater J. T. MACKAY,
M,DCCC,V.

EPITAPH

ON

ROBERT BURNS,

THE AYRSHIRE BARD.

Taken, mutato nomine, *from the Elegy, written by himself, on Captain Henderson.*

O Robbie Burns, the man, the brither,
And art thou gone—and gone for ever;
And hast thou cross'd that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound.
Like thee, where shall we find anither,
The world around.

Go to your sculptur'd tombs ye great,
In a' the tinsell trash of state;
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth,
And weep the sweetest Poet's fate,
E'er liv'd on earth.

Burns demonstrated his veneration for departed genius, by the tomb-stone which he placed in the Canongate church-yard, at the grave of Ferguson, the ingenious author of some admirable Scotish Poems; and, by his own writings, he has erected to himself a monument *ære perennius.* Yet it is perhaps a disgrace to the present age, that no stone marks the turf where his mortal part was deposited.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

BY AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

I.

Blest as th' immortal gods is he
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

III.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung:

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play:
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

A PARODY *on the* ODE *of* SAPPHO, *addressed to a Jolly Companion.*

I.

DRUNK as a dragon sure is he
The youth who dines or sups with thee,
Who sees and hears thee full of fun,
Loudly laugh, and quaintly pun.

II.

'Twas this first made me love the dose
Which rais'd such pimples on my nose;
For while I fill'd to ev'ry toast,
In wine all sober thoughts were lost.

III.

I felt the claret and champaigne
Inflame my blood, and mad my brain;
My toast fell fault'ring from my tongue,
I scarcely heard the catch I sung.

IV.

I found my gorge with sickness rise;
The candles danc'd before my eyes;
My sight grew dim; the room turn'd round;
I tumbled senseless on the ground.

A

SONG IN PRAISE OF GOWFING,

Composed for the Blackheath Club, in the neighbourhood of London, and often sung with great spirit at the celebration of the Ludi Apollinares of Edinburgh.

I.

Of rural diversions, too long has the chace,
All the honours usurp'd, and assum'd the chief place;
But truth bids the Muse from henceforward proclaim,
That Gowf, first of sports, shall stand foremost in fame.

II.

At Gowf we contend, without rancour or spleen,
And bloodless the laurels we reap on the green;
From vig'rous exertion our pleasures arise,
And to crown our delights no poor fugitive dies.

III.

O'er the heath see our heroes in uniform clad,
In parties well match'd, how they gracefully spread;
While with long strokes and short strokes they tend to
the goal,
And with put well-directed plump into the hole.

IV.

From exercise strong, from strength active and bold,
We'll traverse the green, and forget to grow old.
Blue devils, diseases, dull sorrow and care,
Knock'd down by our balls as they whizz thro' the air.

V.

The strong-sinew'd son of Alcmena could drub,
Or demolish a monster when arm'd with his club;
But what were the monsters which Hercules slew,
To those fiends whom each week with our clubs we subdue.

VI.

Health, happiness, harmony, friendship, and fame,
Are the fruits and rewards of our favourite game;
A sport so distinguish'd, the fair must approve,
Then to Gowf give the day, and the evening to love.

VII.

By love undebas'd, love with reason combin'd,
Our manners are soft'ned, our passions refin'd;
The masculine block, though compos'd of good stuff,
Till polish'd by females, looks awkward and rough.

VIII.

Then to mark our devotion, and grateful good will,
A bumper brim full to their healths let us fill;
Here's our charming instructresses, blessings attend them,
And curs'd be the clown that would dare to offend them.

IX.

A second we'll fill, to our friends far and near,
And the mem'ry of those who no longer appear;
Who have play'd their last round, and pass'd over that
bourne,
From which the best gowfer can never return.

X.

Our third standing toast, we'll to Gowfing assign,
No other amusement's so truly divine;
It has charms for the aged, as well as the young,
And as first of field-sports shall its praises be sung.

THE
JUSTICIARY GARLAND,

Being the form of Trial before a Criminal Court.

1.—*Packing the Jury.*

FIRST pray rise up Black of Greenmountain,
We ken you are not yet a Peer,
Since last you condemn'd the sheep-stealer,
We're ay glad to see your face here.
Then pray stand up Deacon John Webster,
The pride and support of the church;
Since last you commenced politician,
You'll no leave your friends in the lurch.

2.—*Pleading on the Relevancy.*

Tho' the pannel does not wish the truth to disguise,
Yet he pleads, that he ought not to thole an assize;
For in his indictment there is such a flaw,
That your Lordships from it no conclusion can draw.

For no relevant charge does the *major* contain,
Nor the *minor* the fact which it founds on explain;
Thus the libel appears quite informal in law,
And your Lordships from it no conclusion can draw.

3.—*Answer.*

Then who would now go study law, municipal or civil,
To snuff-shops let the *Corpus* go, and Erskine to the
Devil;
No proposition is so plain that Crosbie wont dispute it,
His argument I so disdain, 'tis lost time to refute it.

The Judge examining a Witness.

Come up to the table, and look in my face,
Remember you are upon oath, Sir;
If you alter one *iota*, time, person, or place,
I'll whip and imprison you both, Sir.
Chorus by the whole Court,
Tall de rall, &c.

4.—*The Pannel's Defence.*

I'm not guilty yet, I'm not guilty yet,
Although I'm accused, I'm not guilty yet;
Before you condemn, ye maun hear a bit,
Although I'm accused, I'm not guilty yet.

5.—*Address to the Jury.*

Gentlemen, 'tis my turn to address you,
And with much speaking I'll not oppress you;
The proof lies before you, in writing down taken,
Therefore I hope you'll spare this man's bacon.

But as it is usual a few things to mention,
To steal, I believe, he had no intention;
Therefore be not like the Lords in a fury,
But bring him off like a sensible Jury.

6.—*Petition for Banishment to the Court.*

O send me o'er the wide seas, my ain kind Lordies, O,
To Sidney-Cove, or where you please, my ain kind Lordies, O;
For gang this trial as it will, my ain kind Lordies, O,
In Scotland I can fare but ill, my ain kind Lordies, O.

7.—*Intended last Speech.*

Ye now assembled, here attend,
To witness my untimely end,
An ear not unpropitious lend,
To an old soldier's story.
Last war when every hostile shore,
Did with the British thunder roar,
I in successful battle bore
A share that gain'd me glory.

The French of India, east and west,
Were by our leaders dispossess'd,
And all their Admirals confess'd,
That they were beaten fairly.
But now * the difference sure is great,
We hardly meet the Gallic fleet,

* In the year 1778.

From Yankies our best troops retreat,
  And with a Congress parley.

Though by severity misled,
Both King and Court would have me dead;
The blood I for my country shed,
  Will yet be my salvation:
I die in hopes I'll soon be where,
Great Wolfe enjoys the starry sphere;
And looking downwards, sheds a tear,
  To see the alteration.

Petition to the King.

I am a chief of the M'Craws,
Knew nothing of your Lowland laws,
Which of my stealing was the cause,
  But I'll not steal again, Sir.
    O let me aff this ae time,
    This ae time, this ae time,
    O let me aff this ae time,
      I'll never steal again, Sir.

A fencible I'll guard at home,
Or on the seas a sailor roam,
Even common soldier I'll become,
  Or what else you incline, Sir,
      O let me aff this ae time, &c.

The reader will have no difficulty in supposing, that the consequence of this petition must have been a *Pardon from the King.*

This song is said to have been written by a club of young lawyers, each contributing his verse. Although the wit of it depended much on a knowledge of the particular characters alluded to, yet the ingenious reader will be at no loss to find, at any period, heads whom the hats will fit. After all the supposed characters and authors of this *jeu d'esprit* had been for some time dead, it was often sung with great spirit at the Gymnastic Club, to the no small entertainment of the company. And, in a similar way, it may perhaps afford entertainment to others.

——— Ridenda Poemata malo
Quam te conspicuæ, divina Philippica famæ,
Volveris a prima quæ proxima.

JUVENAL, Sat. X.

Stulta, jocosa, canénda, dolentia, seria, sacra,
En posita ante oculos, Lector amice, tuos;
Quisquis es, hic aliquid quod dilectabit habebis,
Tristior an levior, selige quicquid amas.

Rev. JOANNES SKINNER,
Ex Tuguriolo apud Linshart.

Excudendum curabant ANDREAS DUNCAN, Senior,
Scriba Prætorius et Septuagenarius,
JOANNES STARK, Typographus.

FINIS.